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A Critical Study of
Him and His Works

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Tolstoi:

A Critical Study of Him and His Works.

By THOMAS SELTZER.

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THE RUSSIAN NATION:

The Russian population is a heterogeneous mass composed of upward of a hundred nationalities speaking more than forty languages. The predominating element, however, is Slavic which constitutes about three-quarters of the entire population; but besides the Slavs, who are a branch of the great Aryan family, the other two ethnological divisions are also largely represented—the Turanian by the Mongolians and the Finns, and the Semitic by the Jews. The Slavic population embraces the Russians, the Lithuanians, the Poles, and a number of smaller races. The Russians proper, who form about two-thirds of the whole number of inhabitants, are again subdivided into Great Russians occupying the northern and central part of the country; the Little Russians inhabiting the Ukraine which comprises the governments of Kiev, Chernigov, Poltava and Kharkov; and the White Russians who have their homes in Vitebsk and Moghilev. In addition there remains to be mentioned, the German quota of the Russian population, located in the Baltic provinces and Southern Russia.

THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE:

Although many languages and dialects are spoken throughout the empire, the literary language of Russia, which is that of the predominating Great Russians, is one. It is the chief unifying factor of the compound of the Russian population and the vehicle of intercommunication among its various constituent elements. It is also the official language and hence the language of the schools.

Russian first became a written language in the time of Peter the Great, till which period the old Slavic—the language of the church—had been the only medium of literary expression, and had, in con-

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sequence, exercised an important influence on the Russian popular speech, as on that of other Slavic dialects. The Mongol conquest, and the preponderance of Polish elements in the western parts of the empire, have also introduced into the Russian language a great number of Mongolian and Polish expressions; in addition to which, the efforts of Peter the Great to give his subjects the benefits of western culture have enlarged the Russian vocabulary, especially in arts and industry, with numerous German, French and Dutch words. The chief characteristics of Russian as a language are simplicity and naturalness. The grammatical connection of sentences is slight, and the number of conjunctions scanty. Perspicuity and expressiveness are obtained by the freedom allowed in the placing of words. Auxiliary verbs and articles there are none; while personal pronouns may or may not be used along with verbs. The vocabulary of Russian is very rich, foreign words being, so to speak, Russianized. The capability of the language for forming compounds and derivatives is so great, that from a single root not less than 2,000 words are sometimes derived. The purest and most grammatical Russian is spoken in the center, about Moscow.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE:

Russia has but lately entered the arena of civilization and displays many characteristics of what may be termed a national parvenu. Leaving out of consideration the symptoms displayed in the internal national events of the country and in its social life, and turning a rapid glance at its prominent men of letters, we notice that in the majority and most typical cases, there is manifested a certain feverish restlessness, a want of practical balance. It is as though they desired to make up for loss of ground. The ideas and ideals which the western nations had taken centuries to develop are rapidly absorbed to some extent, but ill-digested and soon outgrown and rejected. Dissatisfaction sets in. They wander forth in quest of new philosophies, new ideals and often land in the reaction of mysticism, despair, pessimism, and even indifference.

Russian literature, like all the great literatures of Europe, began with popular poetry. This poetry is based partly on myths, the kernel of which is traceable to the primitive Aryan mythology, and

partly deals with the subjects of marriage, love, death, feasts and various other social customs. The oldest literature includes also a number of popular tales in prose.

The epic poems called *bylini* are among the most important of this early poetry. They are divided into cycles, most of them centering about the mythical national hero, Ilia Muromets. Others have reference to legends or historical events as recent even as the early part of the last century. These *bylini* have been communicated orally by successive generations of popular singers and have been subjected to some changes of detail in their contact with fresh events and new conditions, but have, in the main, preserved their ancient character, which must have become well fixed at some distant period in the past.

The first chronicle extant, the "Chronicle of Nestor," dates from the latter part of the eleventh century. This was followed by a number of other chronicles, by works on the lives of the saints, and by the famous "Tale of the Troop of Igor," a prose epic originating probably in the twelfth century.

The two and a half centuries of the disastrous Tartar domination that followed, was a period of national stagnation, during which Russian literature almost disappeared. It gradually revived with the overthrow of the foreign yoke, but up to the reign of Peter, remained devoid of any remarkable achievements. The culture it spread, however, prepared the way for the reception of the more advanced civilization of the West when Peter extended it his welcome. In 1564, the first printing-press was established in Moscow, and the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of Paul were printed. Polish attempts to convert the Russians to Roman Catholicism, and especially the zeal of the Jesuits, led to the foundation of Russian schools, where the Russian language was taught and such other studies promoted as would enable the defenders of the Greek church effectually to meet their opponents in religious controversy.

Peter the Great found it helpful for his reforms to advance the cause of literature, and he himself occasionally contributed to the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, the first Russian newspaper, founded under his auspices, in 1703. With his reign begins a new era for Russia. Under him flourished the first Russian authors whose incipient at-

tempts developed in organic continuity into the imposing structure of the Russian literature of to-day.

Prince Antiokh Kantemir (1708-44) wrote satires in the style of Boileau, which were translated into French. Vasili Tatishchev (1685-1750) was the author of the first history of Russia. With Trediakovski (1703-69), a voluminous translator, began that activity in the rendering of foreign classics to which almost every great Russian author since then has contributed his quota; so that now Russian literature stands unequaled for the quality of its reproductions of the literary treasures of every land. The most important figure of that period, however, is Lomonosov (1711-65). He wrote a Russian grammar, laid down literary laws which he also taught by example in his own diverse writings, and introduced a new system of versification more suitable to the genius of the language.

The period that followed, although devoid of any original productions—French influence and taste then holding sway in Russia as throughout the rest of Europe—is nevertheless not without importance. Under Catherine II. (1762-96), who was a patron of art and literature, flourished Kniazhnin (1742-91), author of a number of cumbrous tragedies written in Alexandrine verse; several other tragedians of the same type; von Vizin (1744-92) whose comedies, "Nedorosl" ("The Minor") and "Brigadier," possess real literary excellence; and Kniazhnin and Kapnist who wrote comedies with almost equal success. Catharine II. herself tried her hand at a number of light plays which are said to be not bad. Khemnitzer and Dmitriev were the two prominent fabulists of the time, while Bogdanovich (1743-1803) distinguished himself by his poem "Dushenka." But the greatest lyric poet was Derzhavin (1743-1816) who ranks with the great European writers of the age. He is best known by his stately odes of which the "Ode to God" was translated into many languages, even including Chinese and Japanese. Of the prose writers, the best are Novikov (1744-1818) and Radishchchev (1749-1802), who published the "Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow."

The last years of Catherine's reign were marked by a reaction against everything liberal, and the literature of the country suffered a depression from which it began to recover only after the fall of

Napoleon. Karamzin (1766-1826) was the most eminent literary figure of the time. He reformed the literary style, clearing it of its ancient forms, heavy modes of expression and foreign interpolations. He also offered models for others to follow by his numerous and various productions. His most famous works are his "History of Russia," "Letters of a Traveler" and the sentimental novel, "Bednaia Louisa" ("Poor Louisa"). The *Vestnik Evropy* (*Messenger of Europe*) founded by him is still one of the best magazines of the country. To the same period belongs the dramatist Ozerov, whose tragedies, though on the whole following the classical models, already bear evidence of the incoming romantic spirit.

With the works of Zhukovski (1783-1852), and his translations of some of the poems of Schiller, Wieland and Byron, began the romantic movement which entered Russia at about the same time as the other countries of Europe. Alexander Pushkin (1799-1838), called the Father of Russian poetry, became the foremost exponent of the new school. He early came under the influence of Byron and all that it stood for—life-weariness, satiety and hatred of all conventional restraint. These Byronic elements are the constantly recurring notes in his lyric poems of that period and particularly in the four epic compositions: "The Prisoner of the Caucasus" (1821); "The Fountain of Bakhchisarai" (1822); "The Brother-Robbers" (1822); and "The Gipsies" (1824), of which the first mentioned poem strongly recalls Byron's "Childe Harold." He later succeeded in throwing off the shackles of Byronism and approached more and more the methods of Shakespeare and Goethe. "Evgeni Oniegin," the most widely read of Pushkin's poems, is a novel in verse, written between the years 1823 and 1831. It falls therefore distinctly under the influence of Byron, especially of his "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan"; Oniegin is a hero quite after the heart of Byron. Among the other works of Pushkin are "Boris Godunov" (1831), a drama; "Poltava" (1828), an epic; and a number of prose tales. Until the advent of the realistic school Pushkin has been considered the greatest Russian poet. His style, both in prose and poetry, approaches perfection and his verse is distinguished by its easy, graceful and rapid fluency. Among the other writers of the period are Griboiedov, who produced a comedy of the

very first rank in "Gore ot Uma" ("Trouble from Cleverness"); the poets Ryleev and Odoievski; the critic and story writer, Bestuzhev; and the poets Delvig, Iazykov and Gnedich.

The greatest follower of, and the greatest poet next to, Pushkin is Lermontov (1814-1841). His works are steeped in the mockery, the sneers and the abandonment of Byronism, but he wrote more subjectively than Pushkin. Lermontov was truly a Byronic spirit. He was sincere in his contempt of the world's ways and his revolt was real. Hence he rarely strikes a false note. His best works are his short lyrics, "Mtziri" ("The Novice"), "The Demon" "Izmael Vey," "Valerin," and his prose tale "Geroi Nashego Vremeni" ("A Hero of Our Times").

The most energetically polemic writer of the romantic school was N. Polevoi (1796-1846), and its great critic was Belinski (1810-48), sometimes called the Russian Lessing. At the same time flourished the world-renowned fable writer Krylov (1768-1844), and the peasant poet Koltzov (1809-42), who, although a contemporary of, had no affiliation with, the romantic movement.

With the works of the first great Russian novelist begins the realistic literature of Russia. This will appear only natural when it is remembered that sentimentalism or feigned emotion is utterly foreign to the Russian nature. Hence a master spirit like Gogol's could not but discover the incongruity of laying the foundation of a national literature on elements borrowed from peoples whose history, traditions and environment differed so widely from the Russian and produced racial characteristics at variance with, and often directly opposed to, those of the Russian Slavs.

The literature of this last period is so rich in great names that it will be possible to enumerate only the most prominent among them. Nikolai Gogol (1809-1852) has produced masterpieces of the highest order in his comedy "The Revisor", in some of his shorter stories, as "Taras Bulba", and in the long novel, "Mertvyia Dushi" ("Dead Souls"). He was followed by Turgenev (1818-1883), Dostoievski (1822-1887) and Leo Tolstoi, each great in his own and original manner, but the last towering high above them not only by his art but by his life. Goncharov, author of "Oblomov," Garshin, Potapenko, Chekhov and the genial dreamy Korolenko are among

the minor fiction writers; while the youthful Gorki is fast acquiring international celebrity and taking rank with the most illustrious names of modern literature.

Of the poets of the period, the greatest is Nekrasov (1822-77), whose works are a plea for the poor and oppressed. He was followed by Polonski, Nikitin, Nadson, Konstantin Konstantinovich and a host of others. Aleksei Tolstoi produced an excellent trilogy on the "Death of Ivan the Terrible," and Ostrovski is the chief and most prolific author of the popular drama. Pisarev is the great critic of the realistic school; Soltykov as a satirist is equaled by few writers of the nineteenth century; while Hertzen and Chernyshevski, authors respectively of the novels "Kto Vinovat?" ("Whose Fault?") and "Shto Delat?" ("What is to be Done?"), have struck deep root in the liberal thought of Russia by the spread of their nihilistic teachings.

TOLSTOI'S RANK AND PLACE:

Tolstoi stands out as the most gigantic personality in the world's literature of the age. He has been compared to a mighty oak towering high and solitary above his fellows in the field of literature. He is the greatest of contemporary novelists; Europe does not contain his equal. There is no other modern novelist (except Dostoievski) who like Tolstoi reveals to us the secret channels of human thought and feeling, the most hidden mainsprings of human action; who like him represents the individual and social life-process in all its phases; who is equally at home in all the spheres of modern life (which can not be said of Dostoevski); who never seeks for an ideal or heroic motive unless it offers of itself, whether he takes as his subject the misery of everyday life or some significant moment in social or political history. The best testimony for Tolstoi is that his works are not printed books but *life itself*. Yet this great author, the greatest interpreter of nineteenth century life, is nevertheless essentially a Russian. His works deal almost exclusively with Russia and the Russians, and when foreigners are even indirectly engaged in them, he evinces a national prejudice, as witness the treatment of Napoleon in "War and Peace." His Russian figures are moreover characteristically Russian, with all the traits and peculiarities inci-

dental to special environment. That they none the less appeal immediately to the whole world, is due to the completeness and thoroughness with which he draws his characters in every relation to life, thus bringing out prominently what is universal and true of the whole of modern humanity. In typifying the life of all classes of modern Russia, he paints a picture of the collective civilized world of the present in its most fundamental manifestations.

It is impossible thus far to know with certainty what the verdict of the future will be as regards the relative importance of Tolstoi the artist, and Tolstoi the ethical teacher and man. While scarcely any one denies the permanent quality of his artistic work, there are many predictions, some of them very positive and dogmatic, that his teaching will soon be forgotten; but there are some who lay particular emphasis on his work as a devotee. It is safe to predict that he will long be studied, if not for the strength and beauty of his great art, at least for the challenge flung at modernity by his creed and his spirit, which makes his life-work of greater significance to humanity than that of any of the great European artists since Byron's day.

TOLSTOI'S PHILOSOPHY.*

GENERAL PRINCIPLES:

Tolstoi bases his philosophy on *love* as the first principle, from which he deduces the corollary: "Resist not evil"; that is to say, do not oppose violence with violence. Hence, Tolstoi regards himself as a follower of the Christian teaching. Tolstoi's Christianity, however, is purely the doctrine of Christ. It repudiates every established church, whether Greek, Catholic or Protestant. The churches, he declares, have nothing in common with the Christian teaching save the name. They are founded on anti-Christian principles and are hostile to Christianity. The church is presumption, violence, self-assertion, rigidity and death. Christianity is meekness, repentance, submissiveness, progress and life. The church having once given way to the world, followed it ever after. The world organized its existence in direct opposition to the doctrine of Christ, and the church invented metaphors according to which it ap-

* A systematic exposition of Tolstoi's philosophy as gathered from his various religious and philosophical works. To secure accuracy, his own language has been retained as far as possible in this as well as in the sketch of Tolstoi's theory on art.

peared that men who really lived contrary to the law of Christ lived in accordance with it. And the world began to lead a life which rapidly grew worse than that of the pagans, and the church began to justify this way of living, and to affirm that it was strictly in accordance with the doctrine of Christ.

Tolstoi does not believe in supernatural revelation, nor in the superhumanity of Christ. Indeed, he rejects all dogmas whatsoever. By God, he understands the spirit dwelling in man, that spirit which every one recognizes within him and which he is conscious of as being free, rational, and independent of the flesh. In this sense it was that Christ called himself the son of God, just as every man is the son of God, according to the spirit. All the miraculous tales concerning his birth and resurrection, Tolstoi declares to be utterly foreign to the spirit of Christ's doctrine, and the invention of a coarse conception.

Cleared of their supernatural encumbrances, the teachings of Christ find their justification on grounds of pure reason. The belief in Christ is not a belief in the personality of Christ, but a recognition of the truth. Reason is the law recognized by man, according to which he must work out his life. Since, however, there is no higher reason outside of oneself, one's own reason must become the highest and sole guide in the conduct of life. And the more one's life is conducted according to the dictates of reason, the more it is subordinated to mere animal existence, the better will that life be.

Formerly, beliefs were imposed on men. They were not the products of reason. When, through increased intercourse, people learned to know other religions, and were led to reflect as to which was the true one, it was reason alone that could decide for them. It is by reason and not by faith that men attain to a recognition of the truth. The law of truth reveals itself to man gradually. It has revealed itself for the first time in the midst of a heathen world, to a man said to be Christ. The teaching of Christ is reason itself. It contains the only rules of life whereby it is possible to live according to reason, and hence no one resting himself on reason, has the right to renounce it.

The love declared by Christ as the highest principle is not what people usually comprehend under that name. To men who do not

understand life, love is merely that which contributes to their own well-being. Their love for wife, children, friends, is only another form of self-love. But true love is a constant denial of self for the sake of another; it is a condition of good-will toward all—a condition natural in children, but which in adults can be brought about only by means of self-renunciation; it is an ideal of complete, endless and divine perfection. And in the nearest approach to this divine perfection of which every man is conscious within himself, but which can be reached only in endlessness, consists the true life according to the teaching of Christ, instead of, as was formerly believed, in the fulfilment of commandments, in the fulfilment of the law. Since, moreover, love, according to Christ, is the highest law, and the teachings of Christ are founded on reason, love must also be based on reason. Love is the only reasonable activity of man and is that which solves all the contradictions of human life. It gives to life that which, in view of the fact of death, would be meaningless, a meaning independent of time and space.

Tolstoi believes that there are three and only three views of life: First, embracing the individual, or the animal view of life; second, embracing the society or the pagan view of life; third, embracing the whole world, or the divine view of life. In the first theory of life, a man's life is limited to his own individuality; the aim of life is the satisfaction of the will of this individuality. In the second theory, a man's life is limited not to his own individuality, but to certain societies and classes of individuals: to the tribe, the family, the clan, the nation; the aim of life is limited to the satisfaction of the will of those associations of individuals. In the third theory a man's life is limited not to societies and classes of individuals, but extends to the principle and source of life—to God. The motor power of his life is love. And his religion is the worship in deed and in truth of the principle of the whole—God.

From the law of love follows necessarily the principle of non-resistance to evil. "Resist not evil" means never resist evil; that is, never offer violence to any one, never do anything which is opposed to love. The precept, not to resist evil, is one which contains the whole substance of Christ's doctrine, if we consider it not only as a saying but as a law we are bound to obey. It is like a latch-key

which will open any door, but only if it be well inserted into the lock. The law of love inevitably leads to the principle of non-resistance since it is impossible to find a sure, incontestable criterion for evil. What is evil to one may appear good to another. People invested with sanctity considered that as an evil which to men and institutions invested with secular power appeared good, so that now men have arrived at the full recognition of the fact that an outward, universally binding definition of evil does not and can not exist.

Non-resistance to evil, however, does not, according to Tolstoi, signify every form of resistance. Tolstoi intends to designate by the precept only resistance by force. In this sense, however, the principle is made applicable in its widest scope. We must not only not resist evil done to ourselves, but also that committed against our neighbor. In support of this Tolstoi quotes the words of Jesus addressed to Peter when the latter in Christ's defense struck the servant of the high priest with the sword: "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Nor is the commandment applicable only to some, but binding on all. It forbids the use of violence by those who are in possession of power, as well as by those who are not.

The Sermon on the Mount, Tolstoi declares, contains five precepts all of which form but one of the steps in the approach to perfection. They are negative in character and therefore can be followed even at the present stage of man's life by all who strive after perfection. The first of this is: "Hold thy peace with everyone, and when peace is disturbed use all efforts to restore it;" the second: "Let every man take but one woman and every woman but one man, and let none abandon the other under any pretext;" the third: "Make no vows;" the fourth, the most important of all, embodying the non-resistance principle: "Suffer vexation, do not repay evil with evil;" and the fifth: "Do not break the peace in order to serve your interests."

SPECIAL APPLICATIONS. (a) *LAW.*

On the principle of non-resistance to evil Tolstoi rejects all law. Law is maintained by violence and hence it is impossible to

admit the Godhead of Christ, the basis of whose teaching is non-resistance to evil, and at the same time to work consciously and unconcernedly for the institutions of property, courts of law, kingdoms, the army and so on. There may have been a time when the violence of law was milder than the violence of individuals. Such, however, is no longer the case among the most highly developed peoples. Our dispositions have grown gentler. Men, nowadays, recognize the precept of love of the humankind, of pity for one's neighbor, and only desire the possibility of quiet, peaceful living. At any rate it would be much more simple to regulate our lives according to the doctrine of Christ; and then, if courts of law, executions and war were found indispensable to our welfare, we might pray to have them too.

Formerly people believed in the supernatural origin of laws, and therefore could readily submit to them. From the very commencement of Christianity, however, it began to be understood that human laws, though given out for divine laws, were compiled by men, and can not be infallible, whatever the external majesty with which they are invested, and that erring men are not rendered infallible by assembling together and calling themselves a senate or any other name. Indeed, Christ himself directly repudiates law with the words: "Judge not and ye shall not be judged" (Matt. vii. 1); "Condemn not and ye shall not be condemned" (Luke vi. 37), which mean that we are not only never to condemn our brother in word, that is by speaking evil of him, but that we must not institute courts of law for the condemnation of a fellow creature to punishment. Tolstoi said that the first point that struck him when he understood the commandment, "Resist not evil," in its true meaning, was that human courts were not only contrary to this commandment, but in direct opposition to the whole doctrine of Christ, and that therefore he must certainly have forbidden them. Christ says, "Resist not evil." The sole object of courts of law is to resist evil. Christ enjoins us to return good for evil. Courts of law return evil for evil. In his prayer Christ enjoins all men, without any exception, to forgive as they hope to be forgiven. Then how can a man judge and condemn another when, according to the faith he professes, he is bound to forgive?

Another point he makes against the institution of law is that violence under the fixed form of law condemns only that which public opinion has for the most part long ago disavowed and condemned; and that while public opinion censures all the acts opposed to the moral law, the law which rests on violence condemns and punishes only a certain very limited range of acts, and by so doing seems to justify all other acts of the same kind which do not come under its scope. Public opinion ever since the time of Moses has regarded covetousness, profligacy and cruelty as wrong, and censured them accordingly. And it condemns every kind of manfestation of covetousness, not only the appropriation of the property of others by force or fraud or trickery, but even the cruel abuse of wealth; it condemns every form of profligacy whether with concubine, slave, divorced woman, or even one's own wife; it condemns every kind of cruelty, whether shown in blows, in ill-treatment, or in murder, not only of men but even of animals. The law resting on force punishes only certain forms of covetousness, such as robbery and swindling, certain forms of profligacy and cruelty, such as conjugal infidelity, murder, and wounding. And in this way it seems to countenance all the manifestations of covetousness, profligacy, and cruelty, which do not come under its narrow definition.

Love alone must govern the conduct of men. But to follow the precept of love is to accept the gospel of Christ as the guide of life, and were all to fulfil Christ's doctrine, the kingdom of God would be on earth. If only each one were to begin to do what we must do, and cease to do what we may not do, then the near future would bring the promised kingdom of Heaven, for the kingdom of God is not in the world without, but in the soul of man. The kingdom of God is but the following of the commandments of Christ, especially the five commandments of the Sermon on the Mount.

The follower of Christ will be poor, Tolstoi believes, but he will enjoy the blessings given him by God. We have come to consider the word poverty as expressive of misery, yet it really is happiness. "He is poor" means that he does not live in a town, but in the country; he does not sit idly at home, but labors in the fields or the woods; he sees the sunshine, the sky, beasts, and birds; he need not take thought what he shall do to excite his appetite, to facilitate

his digestion; but he feels hungry three times a day. He does not toss about on his soft pillow, thinking how to cure himself of sleeplessness, but sleeps soundly after his work. He sees his children around him, he lives in friendly communion with men. The main point is that he is not obliged to do work which he hates, and he need not fear the future. He will be ill, suffer, die as others do (and judging by the way the poor suffer and die, his death will be an easier one than that of the rich); but he will doubtlessly have led a better life. We must be poor, we must be beggars, wanderers on the face of the earth; that is what Christ taught us, and without it we can not enter the kingdom of God.

(b) *GOVERNMENT.*

Because Tolstoi believes that Christianity is opposed to law, he necessarily believes also that it puts an end to government which is based on law. No honest and serious-minded man of our day can help seeing the incompatibility of true Christianity—the doctrine of meekness, forgiveness of injuries and love—with government, its pomposity, acts of violence, executions, and wars. The profession of true Christianity not only excludes the possibility of recognizing government, but even destroys its very foundations. The state conception of life could be justified only so long as all men voluntarily sacrificed their personal interests to the public welfare. But so soon as there were individuals who would not voluntarily sacrifice their own interests, and authority, that is, violence was needed to restrain them, then the disintegrating principle of the coercion of one set of people by another set entered into the social conception of the organization based on it.

It matters little what the form of government may be, he declares. The only difference is that under a despotic form of government, the authority is concentrated in a small number of oppressors and violence takes a crude form; under constitutional monarchies and republics, as in France and America, authority is divided among a great number of oppressors and the forms assumed by violence are less crude.

Even if there was once a time when, owing to the low standard of morals, and the disposition of men to violence, the existence of

an authority to restrain such violence, was an advantage, because the violence of government was less than the violence of individuals, one can not but see that this advantage could not be lasting. As the disposition of individuals to violence diminished, as the habits of the people became more civilized, and as power grew more demoralized through lack of restraint, this advantage disappeared. Men of the present day hate oppression, inequality, class distinction, and every kind of cruelty to animals, as well as to human beings. It may well be that there are people who can not help regarding all this (government administration) as necessary and indispensable. He does not dispute the question with them, he speaks for himself only; but says with absolute certainty that he does not need it, and that he can not follow the conduct which it prescribes.

Government is the rule of the wicked over the good. The whole history of pagan time is nothing but the narration of the manner and means by which the more wicked gained possession of power over the less wicked, and retained it by cruelties and deceptions, ruling over the good under pretense of guarding their rights and protecting them from the wicked. All the revolutions in history are only examples of the more wicked seizing power and oppressing the good. The wicked will always dominate the good, and will always oppress them. The governments of our day—all of them, the most despotic and liberal alike—have become what Hertzen so well called "Ghenghis Khan with the telegraph," that is to say, organizations of violence based on no principle but the grossest tyranny, and at the same time taking advantage of all the means invented by science for the peaceful collective social activity of free and equal men, used by them to enslave and oppress their fellows.

It is said by those who defend the existing order of things that the suppression of government violence can be possible and desirable only when all men have become Christians. So long as among people nominally Christians there are un-Christian wicked men, who for the gratification of their own lusts are ready to do harm to others, the suppression of government authority, far from being a blessing to others, would only increase their miseries. But in saying that except for the government the bad would oppress the good, the champions of the existing order of things take it for granted that the

good are those who at the present time are in possession of power and the bad are those who are in subjection to it. This would be true if the custom of our society were what is, or rather is supposed to be, the custom in China; that is, that the good always rule, and that directly those at the head of government cease to be better than those they rule over, the citizens are bound to remove them. This is supposed to be the custom in China. In reality it is not so and can never be so. For to remove the heads of a government ruling by force, it is not the right alone, but the power to do so that is needed. So that even in China this is only an imaginary custom. And in our Christian world we do not even suppose such a custom, and we have nothing on which to build up the supposition that it is the good or the superior who are in power; in reality it is those who have seized power and who keep it for their own and their retainers' benefit, and power is always seized by those who are less conscientious and less moral. The good can not seize power, nor retain it; to do this, men must love power. And love of power is inconsistent with goodness; but quite consistent with the very opposite qualities—pride, cunning, cruelty.

In the transitions of power within a state from one personage to another, the power has rarely passed from a worse person to a better one. When Louis XVI. was removed and Robespierre came to power, and afterward Napoleon—who ruled then, a better man or a worse? And when were better men in power, when the Versaillist party or when the Commune was in power? When Charles I. was ruler, or when Cromwell? And when Peter III. was czar, or when he was killed and Catherine was czarina in one half of Russia and Pugachev ruled the other? Which was bad then and which was good? All men who happen to be in authority assert that their authority is necessary to keep the bad from oppressing the good, assuming that they themselves are the good par excellence, who protect other good people from the bad. In reality, however, without the aggrandizement and the abasement of others, without hypocrisies and deceptions, without prisons, fortresses, executions, and murders, no power can come into existence or be maintained.

Government rests on bodily violence. The possibility of applying bodily violence to people is provided above all by an organiza-

tion of armed men, trained to act in unison in submission to one will. These bands of armed men, submissive to a single will, are what constitute the army. The army has always been and still is the basis of power. Power is always in the hands of those who control the army, and all men in power—from the Roman Cæsars to the Russian and German emperors—take more interest in their army than in any thing, and court popularity therein knowing that if the army is on their side, their power is secure.

Hitherto it has been supposed by those who submitted to state authority, that governments existed for their benefit; but the policy or even the unconscious tendency of those in power must always be to reduce their subjects to the extreme of weakness, for the weaker the oppressed, the less effort need be made to keep him in subjection. And therefore the oppression of the oppressed always goes on growing up to the furthest limit, beyond which it can not go without killing the goose with the golden eggs. And if the goose lays no more eggs, like the American Indians, negroes, and Fijians, then it is killed in spite of the sincere protests of philanthropists.

Armies are maintained and strengthened by the governments not only to defend the state against other states but above all to keep enslaved their own subjects. That has always been necessary and has become more and more necessary with the increased diffusion of education among the masses, with the improved communication between people of the same and of different nationalities. It has become particularly indispensable now in the face of communism, socialism, anarchism, and the labor movement generally. Governments feel that it is so and strengthen the force of their disciplined armies. In the German Reichstag not long ago, in reply to a question why funds were needed for raising the salaries of the under officers, the German Chancellor openly declared that trustworthy under officers were necessary to contend against socialism. Caprivi only said aloud what every statesman knows and assiduously conceals from the people. The reason to which he gave expression is essentially the same as that which made the French kings and popes engage Swiss and Scotch guards, and makes the Russian authorities of to-day carefully distribute the recruits in such a manner that the regiments from the frontiers are stationed in central districts, and

the regiments from the center are stationed on the frontiers. The meaning of Caprivi's speech, put into plain language, is that funds are needed, not to resist foreign foes, but to buy under-officers to be ready to act against the enslaved toiling masses.

The violence of governments is made possible by the violence which it exacts from its subjects. Government not only asks submission to violence but demands violence and thus by means of universal military service, it renders all citizens their own oppressors: It demands obedience by making the oath of allegiance obligatory on all Russian subjects on each new accession to the throne by a czar, by taxes applied to acts of violence, by obligatory police service, etc.

Four methods are employed by the government to enlist its subjects in the work of violence, organized by the aid of science into a skilful system carried to such a point of perfection that every one is caught in the circle of violence and has no chance of escape from it. The first and oldest method is intimidation. This consists in representing the existing state organization—whatever it may be, free republic or the most savage despotism—as something sacred and immutable, and therefore following any efforts to alter it with the cruelest punishments. This method is in use now—as it has been from olden times—wherever there is a government; in Russia against the so-called nihilists, in America against anarchists, in France against imperialists, legitimists, communards and anarchists.

The second method is corruption. It consists of plundering the industrious working people of their wealth by means of taxes, and distributing it in satisfying the greed of officials, who are bound in return to support and keep up the oppression of the people. These bought officials, from the highest minister to the poorest copying clerks, make up an unbroken network of men bound together by the same interest—that of living at the expense of the people. They become the richer the more submissively they carry out the will of the government; and at all times and places, sticking at nothing in all departments, support by word and deed the violence of governments, on which their own property also rests.

The third method is what Tolstoi describes as hypnotizing the people. This consists in checking the moral development of men

and by various suggestions keeping them back in the ideal of life, outgrown by mankind at large, on which the power of government rests. This hypnotizing process is organized at the present in the most complex manner and starting from childhood, continues to act on men till the day of their death. It begins in their earliest years in the compulsory schools created for this purpose, in which the children have instilled into them, the ideas of life of their ancestors, which are in direct antagonism with the conscience of the modern world. In countries where there is a state religion, they teach the children the senseless blasphemies of the church catechisms, together with the duty of obedience to their superiors. In republican states, they teach them the savage superstition of patriotism and the same pretended obedience to the governing authorities.

The fourth method consists in selecting from all the men who have been stupefied and enslaved by the three former methods a certain number, exposing them to special and intensified means of stupefaction and brutalization, and so making them into a passive instrument for carrying out all the cruelties and brutalities needed by the government. Intimidation, corruption and hypnotism bring people into a condition in which they are willing to be soldiers; the soldiers give the power of punishing and plundering them (and purchasing officials with the spoils) and hypnotizing them and converting them in time into these same soldiers again.

The gospel of Christ substitutes the law of love for the state. In a system founded on the precepts of love, men would live in universal brotherhood without recognizing any authority. Such a system is not only desirable but it is compatible with the present stage of moral development, for however ignorant or superstitious he may be, every man of the present day knows that all men have an equal right to life and the good things of life, and that one set of people are no better nor worse than another, that all are equal. Indeed he recognizes the impossibility of the existing order of things and the necessity for the establishment of new forms of life. Under the new order, men will also live in communities, but these communities will not be held together by promises, for Christ forbids the making of any vows. Society must be maintained by spiritual influence, for the man who follows a spiritual influence acts accord-

ing to his own desires. The more spiritually advanced exert an influence over the less advanced, and the efficacy of this influence lies in the tendency of the less thinking people to follow the example of those who stand intellectually on a higher level.

It is asked, how will the function at present performed by the government be fulfilled in the future state of society? In the first place, as to defense against the attacks of the evil-disposed. But who are those evil-disposed persons in our midst from whose attacks we are preserved by the state and its army? Even if three or four centuries ago, when men prided themselves on their war-like prowess, when killing men was considered a heroic achievement, there were such persons; we know very well that there are no such persons now, that we do not nowadays carry or use fire-arms, but every one professes humane principles and feels sympathy for his fellows, and wants nothing more than we all do—that is, to be left in peace to enjoy his existence undisturbed. So that nowadays there are no special malefactors from whom the state could defend us. If by these evil-disposed persons, is meant the men who are punished as criminals, we know very well that they are not a different kind of beings like wild beasts among sheep, but are men just like ourselves, and no more naturally inclined to crimes than those against whom they commit them. We know that their number can be diminished only by change of environment and moral influence. So that the justification of state violence on the ground of the protection it gives us from evil-disposed persons, even if it had some foundation three or four centuries ago, has none whatever now.

Secondly, as to education, culture, means of communication, and so on. Without the state, it is said, men would not have been able to form the social institutions needed for doing anything. This argument too was well founded only some centuries ago. If there was a time when people were so disunited, when they had so little means of communication and interchange of ideas, that they could not cooperate and agree together in any common action in commerce, economies, or education without the state as a center, this want of common action exists no longer. The great extension of means of communication and interchange of ideas has made men completely able to dispense with state aid in forming societies, associations,

corporations, and congresses for scientific, economic and political objects. Indeed government is more often an obstacle than an assistance in attaining these aims. From the end of last century, there has hardly been a single progressive movement of humanity which has not been retarded by the government.

Thirdly, it is claimed that without governments, nations would be enslaved by their neighbors. The government, they tell us, with its army, is necessary to defend us from neighboring states who might enslave us. But we know this is what all governments say of one another, and yet we know that all the European nations profess the same principles of liberty and fraternity, and therefore stand in no need of protection against one another. And if defense against barbarous nations is meant, one-thousandth part of the troops now under arms, would be amply sufficient for that purpose. Moreover, a society based on the precepts of Christ which inflicts no injury on any one, and where the surplus of labor is given away to others, can have no fear of murder or torture at the hands of an enemy, whether it be the Germans, the Turks, or savages. They can take away only what the people would have voluntarily given to them.

With regard to the new order of things, it is impossible to know precisely the detailed forms it will assume. But this uncertainty ought not to deter men from striving to attain the new life. If Columbus had allowed himself to be guided by such considerations he would never have weighed anchor. It was madness to set off on the ocean, not knowing the route, on the ocean on which no one had sailed, to sail toward a land whose existence was doubtful. By this madness he discovered a new world. Doubtless if the peoples of the world could simply transfer themselves from one furnished mansion to another and a better one, it would make it much easier; but unluckily there is no one to get humanity's new dwelling ready for it. The future is even worse than the ocean—there is nothing there—it will be what men and circumstances make it.

It is not even this question "What will happen?" that agitates men as much when they hesitate to fulfil the Master's will, as they are troubled by the question how to live without those habitual conditions of life which we call civilization, culture, art and science. But all these we know are only various manifestations of truth, and

the change that is before us is to be made only for the sake of a closer attainment and realization of truth. How then can the manifestation of truth disappear through our realizing it? These manifestations will be different, higher, better, but they will not cease to be. Only what is false in them will be destroyed; all the truth in them will only be stronger and more flourishing.

The unknown world on which men are entering in renouncing their habitual ways of life, appears itself as dreadful to them, but if a man, before he passed from one stage to another, could know his future life in full detail, he would have nothing to live for. It is the same with the life of humanity. If it had a program of the life which awaited it before entering a new stage, it would be the surest sign that it was not living, nor advancing, but simply rotating in the same place. The conditions of the new order of life can not be known by us because we have to create them by our own labors. That is all that life is, to learn the unknown, and to adapt our actions to this new knowledge. That is the life of each individual man, and that is the life of human societies and of humanity.

(c) PROPERTY.

Together with laws, Tolstoi repudiates property maintained by law. Even if this system were necessary in the past when the sense of fellowship and humaneness was not as strong in men as it is at present, the existing organization has outlived its time, and must inevitably be reconstructed on new principles. Even if property did not exist, there would be no wild scramble among men of to-day for the possession of goods, for every one recognizes nowadays the commandment of universal love, and every one knows that all men have an equal right to life and the good things of life.

Property is opposed to love and to the principle of absolute equality among men. It is based on violence inasmuch as it makes the poor dependent on the rich, and hence the rich are guilty by the very fact of being rich. It is a crime that some should live in superabundance and luxury while thousands suffer from the want of the bare necessities of existence.

Property is the right to the exclusive use of certain objects by their owner whether the owner need them or not. But according to

the law of love which forbids the accumulation of wealth and commands that each man devote all his life-work for others without demanding the labor of his fellowmen, and sharing all he has with them—according to that law, every man who does what work he can, should have as much but only as much as he requires.

A living example of a state of things where property is nonexistent, and goods are held in common, is afforded by the Russian colonists. These on settling on a piece of ground begin to work it, and it does not occur to them that any one who does not make use of the soil can have any right to it; on the contrary, the colonists naturally regard the land as common property and consider every man thoroughly justified in plowing and gathering where he will. They make implements for the tilling of the soil, the laying out of gardens, and the construction of houses, and again it does not enter their minds that these could yield an income in and for themselves; on the contrary, the colonists look on every kind of profit from the means of production, on all interest for borrowed grain, and so on, as an injustice. They work on a land and soil free from any kind of a master, with instruments of labor of their own, or borrowed without interest; each for himself or all together on a common basis. Such communal societies are not peculiar to the Russian colonists alone. They have existed at all times and still exist wherever the natural condition of man's life has not in some manner been disturbed.

d) *THE REALIZATION.*

The realization of the new life based on the principles of love is to be brought about according to Tolstoi, not by the violent overthrow of the present order of things, but by the refusal of every man who has arrived at a recognition of the truth, to take a hand in the work of the various institutions which support this system—law, government, property—and by the endeavor of each to bring as many others as possible to a recognition of the same truth, that is, of the necessity for every true Christian to strive toward a consummation of that condition of life in which it shall be possible for all to live in consonance with reason and the law of love.

As the wrongs of the present system are the outcome not of the

inherent nature of man but of public opinion, it is necessary in order to the realization of a life in keeping with our recognition of the truth, to replace the present public opinion, no longer answering the inner convictions of men, by a new and living public opinion. There would be no way out of our present position except that a man (and thereby all men) is gifted with the power of forming a different, higher theory of life, which at once frees him from all the bonds by which he seems indissolubly fettered. This independence is gained, not by means of strife, not by the destruction of existing forms of life, but only by a change in the interpretation of life. This independence results from the Christian recognizing the law of love, revealed to him by his teacher, as perfectly sufficient for all human relations, and therefore he regards every use of force as unnecessary and unlawful. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Those who have recognized the truth have it in their power to bring about this change of public opinion. It must not be argued that because it took eighteen centuries for but a small section of humanity to pass over to Christianity, it must be many times eighteen centuries before all the remainder do the same. Men do not only assimilate a truth through recognizing it by prophetic insight, or by experience of life. When the truth has become sufficiently diffused, men at a lower stage of development accept it all widely at once simply through confidence in those who have reached it by the inner spiritual way, and are applying it to life. Public opinion has the power of working on men by infection, and with great rapidity gains a hold on great numbers of men. Just as a single shock may be sufficient, when a liquid is saturated with some salt, to precipitate it at once in crystals, a slight effort may be perhaps all that is needed now that the truth already revealed to men may gain a mastery over hundreds, thousands, millions of men, that a public opinion consistent with conscience may be established and through this change of public opinion the whole order of life may be transformed. And it depends on us to make this effort.

The means to bring about the necessary change in public opinion consists, in the first place, in the putting into practise of the new theory of life by those who have recognized the truth. Truth is

imparted to men by acts of truth. In reality, therefore, one ought, if a landowner, to give up the lands immediately to the poor; if a capitalist or manufacturer, to turn over the money to his work people; or if a czar, minister, official, judge or general, to renounce immediately the advantages of the position; or if a soldier on whom all the system of violence is based, to refuse immediately to obey in spite of all the dangers of insubordination. But it may happen, and it is most likely, that he will not have the strength to do so. He has relations, a family, subordinates and superiors; he is under an influence so powerful that he can not shake it off.

Another effective means to the same end, is the free and open profession of the truth one has come to recognize. A man may not have it in his power to live up immediately to his new concept of life, but there is one thing, and only one thing, in which it is granted to you to be free in life, that is, to profess the truth. If men, nay only single individuals, were to do this, then the old outlived public opinion would at once fall of itself and a new, living and present one spring up in its place. If men who had arrived at the new conception were but bold enough to speak their minds, the uselessness or stupidity and even inconvenience of the present institutions would soon become obvious to all. Those who fill offices based upon violence would find themselves in the position of the emperor in Andersen's tale of "The Emperor's New Clothes," for directly some one who has no interest in concealing their uselessness will exclaim in all simplicity: "But these people have been of no use to any one for a long time past!"

In order to bring about the abolition of the present system—law, government, property—it is further necessary that men who have come to a recognition of the truth, should live in accordance with that truth, refusing to take part in any of the acts of violence demanded by the present order. It is through the efforts of the people themselves that the new order of life can be brought into the world.

Not by means of violence, however, must the present order be abolished. The method of the revolutionary enemies is that of attacking the government from without. Christianity does not attack it at all, but from within it destroys all the foundations on which

government rests. The revolutionists say: "The form of government is bad in this respect and that respect; we must overturn it and substitute this or that form of government," under which, they maintain, "oppression will be unnecessary." But they deceive themselves. Even if we admit that under a combination of circumstances specially unfavorable for the government, as in France in 1870, any government might be forcibly overturned and the power transferred to other hands, the new authority would rarely be less oppressive than the old one; on the contrary, always having to defend itself against its dispossessed and exasperated enemies, it would be more despotic and cruel, as has always been the rule in all revolutions.

The ameliorations of life must be brought about as the result of the personal efforts of individual men. Those who recognize the Christian teaching must refuse all support of the present order, refuse to take the oath of allegiance to the government, refuse to pay taxes, refuse to take part in law proceedings or in military service, and live in accordance with his new conception of life. It is thus that every man can free himself. The Christian is independent of every human authority by the fact that he regards the divine law of love, implanted in the soul of every man, and brought before his consciousness by Christ, as the sole guide of his life and other men's also.

Cases of refusing to comply with the demands of the government when they are opposed to Christianity, such as swearing allegiance to the government, the payment of taxes, acting as jurymen, and especially serving in the army, are of late occurring everywhere—in Russia, Austria, Germany, Switzerland, France and Sweden—and are becoming more and more frequent. The governments are powerless against them, for in all these cases, the motives given are so excellent that, however despotic governments may be, they could hardly punish them. To punish men for refusing to act against their consciences, the government must renounce all claim to good sense and benevolence. Governments can of course, flog to death or execute or keep in perpetual imprisonment all enemies who want to overturn them by violence. But what can they do against men who, without wishing to overturn or destroy anything, desire simply

for their part to do nothing against the law of Christ, and who, therefore, refuse to perform the commonest state requirements, which are, therefore, the most indispensable to the maintenance of the state? The socialists, the communists, the anarchists, with their bombs and riots and revolutions, are not nearly so much dreaded by governments as these disconnected individuals coming from different parts, and all justifying their non-compliance on the ground of the same religion, which is known to all the world.

It may be asserted that no significance can be attached to a few scattered cases of individual men refusing to comply with the demands of the government; that it would be necessary that all the coarse, half-savage men completely incapable of appreciating Christianity or acting on it, of whom there are always a great many in every Christian society, should be converted to Christianity before the Christianizing process could so affect all men one after another that they would pass from the heathen to the Christian conception of life. This criticism would be perfectly just, if the transition from one conception of life to another were only accomplished by the single process of all men, separately and successively, realizing, each for himself, the emptiness of power, and reaching Christian truth by the inner spiritual path. But there is also another external means by which men reach Christianity and by which the transition is less gradual. This transition from one organization of life to another is not accomplished by degrees like the sand running through the hour-glass, grain after grain. It is more like the water filling a vessel floating on water. At first the water only runs in slowly on one side, but as the vessel grows heavier it suddenly begins to sink, and almost instantaneously fills with water. It is just the same with the transitions of mankind from one conception—and so from one organization of life—to another. At first only gradually and slowly, one after another, men attain to the new truth by the inner spiritual way, and follow it out in life. But when a certain point in the diffusion of the truth has been reached, it is suddenly assimilated, by every one, not by the inner way, but as it were involuntarily.

If not for further endeavor of each individual to live up to the new truth, it would never be possible for men in the aggregate to attain the new life. Men in their present condition are like a swarm

of bees hanging in a cluster to a branch. The position of the bees on the branch is temporary, and must inevitably be changed. They must start off and find themselves a habitation. Each of the bees knows this, and desires to change its own, and the others' position, but no one of them can do it. They can not all start off at once, because one hangs on to another and hinders it from separating from the swarm, and therefore they all continue to hang there. It would seem that the bees could never escape from their position, just as it seems that worldly men caught in the toils of the state conception of life, can never escape. And there would be no escape for the bees, if each of them were not a living, separate creature, endowed with wings of its own. Similarly there would be no escape for men if each were not a living being endowed with the faculty of entering into a Christian conception of life. If every bee who could fly, did not try to fly, the others too would never be stirred, and the swarm would never change its position. And if the man who has mastered the Christian conception of life, would not, without waiting for other people, begin to live in accordance with this conception, mankind would never change its position. But let only one bee spread its wings, start off, and fly away, and after it another and another, and the clinging, inert cluster would become a freely flying swarm of bees. Just in the same way, only let one man look at life as Christianity teaches him to look at it, and after him let another and another do the same, and the enchanted circle of existence in the state conception of life, from which there seemed no escape, will be broken through.

If every man of the present order, who recognizes Christianity, were to live in accordance with it, the ruling authorities would soon find themselves in the position of a conqueror who is trying to save a town which has been set on fire by its own inhabitants. Directly he puts out the conflagration in one place, it is alight in two other places; directly he gives in to the fire and cuts off what is on fire from a large building, the building itself is alight on both ends. These separate fires may be few, but they are burning with a flame which however small a space it starts from, never ceases till it has set the whole ablaze.

However small the number of men who can arrive at a recogni-

tion of new truths through their inner spiritual intuition, all men in varying degrees according to their age, their education, and their race, are capable of understanding the new truths; and first those who are nearest to the men who have attained the new truth by spiritual intuition, slowly and one by one, but afterward more and more quickly, pass over to the new truth. Thus the number of men who accept the new truth becomes greater and greater, and the truth becomes more and more comprehensible. And thus more confidence is aroused in the remainder who are at a less advanced stage of capacity for understanding the truth. And it becomes easier for them to grasp it, and an increasing number accept it. And so the movement goes on more and more quickly, and on an ever-increasing scale, like a snowball, till at last a public opinion in harmony with the new truth is created, and then the whole mass of men is carried over all at once by its momentum to the new truth and establishes a new social order in accordance with it.

TOLSTOI ON ART:

Tolstoi's celebrated essay "What is Art" embodies the result of fifteen years of study and reflection. After reviewing the principal theories on art from Baumgarten to Herbert Spencer and Grant Allen, he finds them all unsatisfactory and proceeds to formulate his own principle.

Art, according to Tolstoi, must not be considered as a means of pleasure. It is one of the conditions of human life, one of the means of intercourse between man and man. Like speech, art serves as a vehicle of communication among men, the difference being that, whereas by words a man transmits his thoughts to another, by means of art he transmits his feelings.

The activity of art is based on the capacity of man to receive another man's expression of feelings and experience those feelings himself. Hence, art begins when one person, with the object of joining another or other to himself in one and the same feeling, expresses that feeling by certain external indications. Art, therefore, must be infectious. The spectators or auditors must be infected by the feelings which the author has felt. From this follows the full definition: "Art is a human activity, consisting in this, that one

man consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings and also experience them."

The infection produced by an art-creation must be spontaneous. If a man without exercising effort and without altering his standpoint, on reading, hearing, or seeing another man's work, experiences a mental condition which unites him with that man, and with other people who also partake of that work of art, then the object evoking that condition is a work of art. Infection, moreover, is not only a necessary condition of art, but the degree of infection is the sole criterion of excellence in art.

According to the standard of excellence art is to be distinguished into two classes: first, religious art, and, second, universal art. The first, religious art, transmitting both positive feelings of love to God and one's neighbor, and negative feelings of indignation and horror at the violation of love, manifests itself chiefly in the form of words, and to some extent also, in painting and sculpture; the second kind, universal art, transmitting feelings accessible to all, manifests itself in words, in painting, in sculpture, in dances, in architecture, and most of all in music.

Art being a mode of intercourse between man and man, a condition of human life, it follows that true art must appeal to all men, must be on a level with the common experiences of humanity. In so far as it becomes exclusive, and capable of interesting only a small portion of mankind, it is untrue. The object of art is to make attainable by all men that feeling of brotherhood now attained only by a few of the best men in society. Art is a means of union among men, joining them in the same feelings, and indispensable for the life and progress toward the well-being of individuals and of humanity.

Hence we ought to repudiate the rude savage, and, for us, often meaningless works of the ancient Greeks: Sophocles, Euripides, Aeschylus and especially Aristophanes; of modern writers, Dante, Tasso, Milton, Shakespeare; in painting, Michael Angelo's absurd "Last Judgment," and every representation of miracles, including Raphael's "Transfiguration"; in music all but Bach's famous violin aria, Chopin's nocturne in E flat major, and certain parts from the works of Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven, and Chopin. On

the other hand Tolstoi instances as examples of the highest art such works as "The Robbers" by Schiller, "Les Pauvre Gene" and "Les Misérables" by Victor Hugo, the works of Dickens, of Dostoievski, especially his "Notes from a Dead House," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," George Eliot's "Adam Bede"; in painting, a picture by Walter Langley in the Royal Academy of 1897, a picture by the French artist Morlan, and the pictures by Millet, especially his "Man with the Hoe."

ANALYTIC STUDY OF TOLSTOI'S WRITINGS.

Tolstoi's writings fall naturally into two classes:

I. The Purely Literary.
II. The Ethico-Sociological.

With the exception of a few short novels, three dramas and "Resurrection," all of Tolstoi's literary writings were written during the first period of his life (1828-1878), while those of the second class, the ethico-sociological writings, belong exclusively to the second period of his life (1878-1901), the period of his so-called moral regeneration.

Period I. (1828-1878). Purely Literary Productions.

"Memories: Childhood, Boyhood, Youth" (1852-57).
The Caucasian Stories (1854-56):
"The Cossacks."
"The Invaders."
"The Wood Cutting Expedition."
"Snowstorm."
"An Old Acquaintance."
The Crimean Stories (1854-1855):
"Sevastopol in Dec., 1854, in May, 1855, in Aug., 1855."
"Notes of a Marker" (1856).
"The Two Hussars" (1856).
"Albert" (1857).
"Lucerne" (1857).
"Three Deaths" (1859).
"Family Happiness" (1859).
"Polikushka" (1860).
"Kholstomier" (1861).
"War and Peace" (1865-68).
"Anna Karenina" (1874-78).

Period I. Purely Literary Writings.

The original character of Tolstoi's creative talent is amply revealed in his earliest compositions. In these are already clearly manifested the matchless vividness of portraiture, the strong sense for the real in life, the love of detail, the extraordinary capacity for observation, the dislike of all that is purely imaginative and artificial, the simplicity of diction, and the detached and natural manner of narration.

Tolstoi almost invariably depicts his own experience. All his persons are real. The events he describes are either those in which he has himself

participated, or such as are paralleled by his experiences. He paints his own character over and over again in its various phases, and draws on his own rich life for the background. It is this feature, added to his remarkable talent for accurate reproduction, which so impresses the reader with a sense of the real and inevitable in his works.

In his earliest novels, "Memories," "A Morning in the Life of a Landed Proprietor," "Notes of a Marker," and "Lucerne," Tolstoi portrays the autobiographic character of Nikolai and Irteniev and Prince Nekhludov through various incidents and stages of development, the unifying theme in all being the evil consequences of a false and artificial education. Noble natures at heart, they became mere word-heroes and whimsical eccentrics, and at their first contact with the actual world show their incapacity to cope with the problems of existence, and are soon driven to wreck and ruin.

Tolstoi's greatest literary writings of his first period are his novels "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina;" and "Resurrection" of his second period. Of these, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina" rank highest among his compositions, and are so far above anything he had written before that they took literary Russia by surprise and quickly gained a universal reputation.

"War and Peace."

"War and Peace" is an epic of the time of the Russian Napoleonic war. Its action extends from 1805 to 1820. War is the symbol of the epoch, but it is nowhere Tolstoi's method to give particular prominence to merely battles and public events as such; and in this, his chief work, it is apparent from the second part of the title that his aim and scope are far more comprehensive. In fact, he unfolds before us a picture of the entire Russia of that time, and reveals the life of the people of the period in its various phases and depths, with a thoroughness and completeness that make its equal in any of the world's literature still to be supplied.

Three spheres of life are presented to us, three families whose fortunes we follow down to the minutest detail. In the Bolkonskis family we have the father, an old general of Catherine's time; the son, Andrei, statesman and soldier, who takes active part in all the varying fortunes of the country; the daughter, Princess Maria, full of devotion, self-forgetful, all pure love. Without affectation we find the past, present, and future of Russian life mirrored in them. The Rostov family belongs to that good, honest, mediocre class, the members of which are swept along by the current of life, having no ideas which determine them, and which become significant in their country's history. In contrast to these genuine, national, and society types is presented a solitary skeptic, Count Pierre Bezukhov. He possesses a really kind, honest heart, but is prevented from accomplishing much good by a certain helplessness and aimlessness which characterize him.

If a modern Iliad is possible, "War and Peace" is the Russian Iliad. Historians have described and sketched for us on the basis of authentic sources the contemporary Russian society, Napoleon's and Kutuzov's plans of operation, the character of Napoleon, Murat, Devoust, Czar Alexander, Kutuzov, Bagration, Speranski, Rostopchin. The merest details of the invasion of Russia by the French and their remarkable retreat are familiar. The historians have forgotten but one thing (for which, however, they are not to blame): To breathe life into the events and characters. It is just in this that Tolstoi has succeeded. He has solved the highest problem of history and of poetry, has blended fact and poetry into the highest living truth. The times, the people, the intellectual currents, the inner life of single individuals as well as of the masses, the "historically great," the trivial—all this rises vividly before our mental vision in forms of flesh and blood; we see the single storms, which together constitute the character of an epoch, out of which the process of historical life is developed. In a word, we learn what history does and how it makes itself. And hence "War and Peace" is at once a grand historic painting and romance. Both are most intricately interwoven and form a harmonious and inseparable whole. To false greatness the poet wished to oppose true greatness as he conceived it. This contrast is embodied not only in the Russian chief commander, Kutuzov, and in Napoleon, but runs through all the moments of Russia's great national struggle against Napoleon.

In general the manifold phases and movements of war are so drawn that we can see into the soul of each single soldier, whether he be under the fire of the cannon, or in a cavalry attack, whether in flight, in the hospital, or in the camp by a cozy fire. All this is usually depicted after the impressions of an eye-witness. The other, the peaceful historic characters, are drawn also with a masterly hand. With a few keen strokes the poet knows how to present the man bodily before us with the full peculiarity of his nature: so Rostopchin, the minister Speranski, the diplomat Bilibin, the court dame Anna Scherer. The salon of the latter is introduced into the book, with Count Wasili Kuragin, the Countess Helene Bezukhov, his daughter, Pierre Bezukhov and the foreigners, the Rustov and Bolkonski families, the notorious and wild circle of the then *jennesee dorée* of the highest rank, with Anatole Kuragin, Pierre, and Dolokhov at its head; and on the other side the typical aristocrat of the old stamp, who would not yield a tittle of his ancestral pride, eternally moody and domineering over all around him, and particularly over his daughter Marie—this queer old man who despises Prince Bolkonski, Bonaparte and the whole world, and shows himself a "Roman" at the moment when his son Andrei goes to war: "Remember this one thing, Prince Andrei," he says, with emotion, "if you are killed, it will pain the old man, your father, but if I learn that you have not borne yourself like the son of Nikolai Bolkonski, then I shall be ashamed." And Prince Andrei, one of the chief personages of the novel, fights, loves and dies as aristocrat not only by birth but also in heart.

The old prince himself dies of a broken heart when he hears that the enemy had penetrated into the interior of the country.

The chief interest of the novel (the work really contains several novels interwoven) centers in the process of the inner enlightenment of Prince Andrei and his remarkable friend Count Pierre Bezukhov, the two typical representatives of the better Russia of the beginning of the 19th century. The enlightenment is brought about in a different manner in the two; in Andrei Bolkonski, on his death-bed, after being fatally wounded at Borodino; in Pierre, in the French prison at Moscow, under the influence of a companion in suffering, the simple soldier and peasant Platon Karataiev. Both Andrei and Pierre are "Stürmer und Dränger" ("Stormers and Stressers") of their age. In them the first revolutionary ferment of the Russian intellectual world attains full expression. They find no satisfaction either in the engrafted ideals of their own circle, or in the large world, or in the self-satisfied tone of the salon-patriotism, or in family life—the hollow product of this same world—or in the vague strivings of the philanthropists of freemasons. They find no outlet from the labyrinth of their own dark cravings until the overwhelming spectacle of mutual destruction, the fearful slaughter, the annihilation of the hopes and expectations of hundreds of thousands of suffering, dying and killed men, friends and foes, the unworthy doings of the self-authorized executors of the "nation's will," rush in on them. Finally, Andrei's own disappointed romance with the beloved and love-reciprocating, Natasha Rostov, breaks his haughtiness and pride and he bows himself before the weight of circumstances, in which he recognizes God's providence, even though already at the threshold of the grave. Otherwise is the experience of Count Pierre Bezukhov, this great child with the strength of a lion, so easily stirred, this colossus with the soul of a child, open to all goodness, and yet harborlessly and aimlessly drifting hither and thither like a light boat tossed on a stormy sea; through the manifold mazes of the labyrinth into which youthful follies lead him, his unhappy marriage with a wicked society woman who had become his wife in a manner incomprehensible to himself, through the meaningless formalism of freemasonry, he is likewise drawn into the whirl of international events; and thrown together by chance with the wounded captured soldier Platon Karataiev in the burning city of Moscow, occupied by the French, there opens up to him an altogether new world of which he had not dreamed. Karataiev, the simple man, who in his plainness of heart and faithful submissiveness brings love to all whom he meets, and out of his rich treasury of soul and mind scatters golden seeds of deep wisdom of life and of pure human love—Karataiev teaches Pierre to yield submissively to Providence that sends good or bad fortune according to heavenly counsel. Karataiev is the embodiment of the principle of love of one's neighbor. After his "moral regeneration" Pierre partakes again of the highest earthly happiness. Natasha becomes his wife, and in the last part of the work Tolstoi gives us glimpses of their happy family life. The sister

of Andrei Bolkonski, the much tried Princess Marie, marries the good, honest, even though very ordinary Rostov; and the picture of these two young families form a significant peaceful epilogue to the stirring times of war.

"Anna Karenina."

The composition of "Anna Karenina" is as rich in episodes as "War and Peace," but it deals exclusively with contemporaneous family and country life. Here also the novel is composed of several interwoven plots, but, as always in Tolstoi, it is extremely simple with regard to external incident. Anna Karenina, the wife of a high-placed official in Moscow, is seized with an irresistible love for a young brilliant officer, Alexei Vronski. She becomes faithless to her husband, discards all social and practical considerations, leaves her family and yields herself entirely to her passion, tasting unrestrainedly all the delights of her mad intoxication. When she awakens to sober judgment, she becomes conscious of the horrible reality of her conduct and commits suicide. The other important episode running through the story is that of the love, marriage and family life of the landed proprietor, Konstantine Levin, and of Kitty Shcherbatski. The thread of connection of these with the other chief characters of the work is in their family relationship. Stepan Oblonski and his wife Daria, an unhappy family held together by merely ties of convention, are the brother and sister respectively of Anna Karenina and Kitty Shcherbatski.

"Anna Karenina" is purely a novel, and a Russian novel, but it is not a novel in the ordinary sense of the word; there is, so to speak, no story. It is not the development of a certain plot, with a beginning, a middle, and a end; it is rather a succession of pictures, of scenes, some of which seem hardly to have any connection with the principal scenes. Such is Tolstoi's manner, so far as he has a manner. He paints life such as it is, sometimes solemn and sometimes dull; tragical and commonplace—light and shadow constantly intermingled.

We have in "Anna Karenina" two couples. One is Levin and his wife Kitty, who married for love, and the husband remains a lover. Kitty is very charming, very feminine and pure; Levin is very good, very ordinary, very weak, jealous when he had not the slightest occasion to be jealous. He is an honest gentleman-farmer, timid, awkward; he detests St. Petersburg and society. he is fond of his country-house, his peasants, his dogs, his horses. He writes a book on agriculture which he will never finish. He is a warm friend, a good neighbor, a capital shot. Tolstoi makes you positively see him, and you feel at the end of the book as if you had always known him, and gone with him after woodcock and heard him and Kitty discuss small domestic matters. They are happy, and their troubles are only like the small clouds that float a moment in a summer's sky and are soon absorbed by the warm rays of the sun.

It is not so with Anna Karenina. She is lawless. She is one of the

born rebels of the world. She admires, she even likes her husband—she can not love him; and she loves another man, a handsome, spirited, fashionable young officer named Vronski. Fatality draws her to him, and he belongs to that class of men who may be said to recognize no duties except to themselves, no obedience except to their own desires and passions. He is a man without a conscience. He is not exactly the bold villain, the bandit, the outlaw, who has long been made prominent in literature. He is the correct man of the world who pays his gambling debts at the appointed time; he is a brave, even a brilliant soldier, an accomplished courtier, but his code of morals is not inspired by any high law. He is eminently and essentially selfish, and knows no God but his own will.

Anna Karenina is above him; she has a soul; she can feel commiseration and pity. She was made for good, not for evil; but her fate has tied her to a husband who does not satisfy the cravings of her imagination and of her heart. She falls into the hands of Vronski like a bird fascinated by a serpent. When she feels herself, to her surprise and almost to her horror, in love, she tries to escape, but is drawn by degress into the vortex of passion. She has the Slavic impetuosity and the Slavic weakness. As soon as Anna has sinned the expiation begins. She begins almost at once to hate the cause of her sin. No outline can convey the powerful impression of her great personality, a personality colored by the various mental states through which she passes, dawning love, blind passion, maternal tenderness, doubt, apprehension, defiance, sorrow, and finally despair. The whole of a passionate woman's heart is laid bare. The realism of Anna Karenina is supreme and merciless. Its fidelity to the life it depicts, its strong delineation of character, above all its masterly treatment of a theme of world-wide interest places it among the leading novels of the century.

It was first published as a serial in the *Russian Contemporary,* an English translation appearing in 1886, and instantly creating an enthusiasm.

"Memories: Childhood, Boyhood, Youth."

"Memories: Childhood, Boyhood, Youth," is the story of the mental and moral development of a boy between the ages of 9 and 18. It consists entirely of recollections but not exclusively of his own life. Simple, unpretending pictures from the life of a noble family in the country are presented. Brothers, sisters, parents, governess, teachers, servants are all introduced briefly characterized, and their relations to one another distinctly brought out—never through direct narrative, but incidentally through the natural progress of the story. The history of the inner life of the boy is revealed with close and delicate minuteness. First love, study, friendships, fancies, inclinations and dislikes—nothing is deemed too unimportant to make the picture complete. The speculative tendency of the author comes out as unmistakably in this, his first work, as does his artistic power of observation and repre-

sentation. Under the influence of a gifted friend the young boy becomes absorbed in a question of abstract morality—the question of goodness and moral perfection, and he creates a world of thoughts, wishes and aims quite different from the world around him.

"The Caucasian Stories."

With the Caucasian stories begin those marvelous descriptions of war which culminate and find their highest expression in "War and Peace," and still stand unrivaled as the best productions of the kind in the world's literature. The Caucasian stories include "The Invaders," "The Wood-Cutting Expedition," "An Old Acquaintance," "The Cossacks" and "Snowstorm."

The chief of the Caucasian stories is "The Cossacks," the composition of which extended over a period of several years. The bare plot is so simple as to appear almost insignificant. Olenin, a young nobleman of the select St. Petersburg society, comes to the Caucasus, falls in love with the beautiful Cossack girl Marianka and wishes to marry her. She seems inclined to accept him, but in the mean time, Lukashka, a young spirited Cossack lad, to whom she had been engaged before, is accidentally wounded. This makes clear to her how strong a love she bears him. She rejects Olenin and he leaves the village and its wild inhabitants with their aboriginal life, their natural loves and passions, under the spell of which he had fallen for a time, and returns to the camp.

In "Snowstorm" Tolstoi depicts a sleigh-ride through an endless white plain in the territory of the Don Cossacs, while the snow falls incessantly, and drifting into the air, is changed into a restless, wildly wriggling mass. It is a study in simple phraseology of the violent play of nature.

"The Crimean Stories."

More important than the Caucasian stories of war are the Crimean stories: "Sevastopol in December, 1854; Sevastopol in May, 1855, and Sevastopol in August, 1855, an Epic Triology in Miniature." Forwarded from the scene of action and published in Russia, they at once earned Tolstoi a literary celebrity. They are simple portrayals of battles, not the din, the uproar and the large, general effects of war, but plain, life-like presentations of the behavior of men under fire, revealing a remarkable mastery of every detail of warfare, and a rare psychologic understanding of the workings of the human spirit in extraordinary moments of impending danger.

Other Works.

"A Morning in the Life of a Landed Proprietor" paints Tolstoi's first experiences in his attempt at the improvement of the peasantry. Nekhludov, an energetic, highly educated aristocrat, desiring to introduce reforms for the amelioration of his peasants, visits their homes one Sunday in June, with the object of gathering information as to their needs. To his great disap-

pointment he finds himself obstructed by the very people whom he had come to benefit. The peasants do not understand him, do not want to be helped, and show no need for the civilization which Nekhludov desires to introduce among them.

With "Notes of a Marker" and "The Two Hussars" Tolstoi enters the field of the free story. He no longer confines himself to his own experiences and reminiscences, but the truth and reality of the presentation remain as marked as before. "Notes of a Marker" depicts the ruin of a youth in the thoughtless, corrupt, idle life of high society.

In "The Two Hussars" the heroes belong to the same family but to different generations. They pass through the same experiences of love, enmity, folly, but each in quite a different fashion. In older Russia all is large, open, bold; in younger, small, concealed and artful.

"Albert" is the story of a starved musician whom Tolstoi once took with him to the country.

"Lucerne" is an episode from Tolstoi's travels in Switzerland. A poor wandering minstrel enters the Sweizerhof Hotel in Lucerne one evening and sings for its rich, fashionable inmates. They seem to enjoy his performance, but no one offers him the scantiest reward. This arouses the sympathy of Nekhludov, the narrator, and one of the guests at the hotel that evening. He befriends the simple, gifted singer, and invites him to sit down with him to a bottle of champagne. Although the singer's manners are irreproachable, this simple act of kindness draws upon Nekhludov the ridicule of the fashionable guests, who even begin to suspect his sanity.

In "Three Deaths" Tolstoi treats the theme of the different manner in which beings on various scales of existence are affected by death. The higher the culture, the more painful is death. The peasant accepts death quietly and resignedly, as the rest of life. The noble lady suffers the torments of death years before the real death comes. Her very life had long since become a virtual death. But the mighty oak struck by the axe of the woodsman trembles in all its frame, and with one loud groan totters to the ground.

"Family Happiness" is Tolstoi's first story of love. It follows no model and is as original in conception as his other works. The personal element is evident, and in describing the love sentiment through the female character he probably gives expression to his own feeling. But he is a matured man. He foresees the course of events. She is young and beautiful. She will love and seek for that life which to him appears so meaningless and hollow. Then in heavy, troubled nights, he will again find himself alone—a loneliness far worse than he had known before he found her. And even if she returns to him again, perhaps tainted with guilt—the man can not keep at a standstill. Every year of his life presents new problems to him. He has new interests, he becomes another man, he can not go back. She will want to return to the old, the first intoxication of love, which is only a point of transition. The rich friendship of mature growth will not satisfy her, and for him it is a necessity, a natural condition of life.

"Polikushka" is the story of a poor servant who through the influence of bad company had become addicted to habits of stealing and drunkenness, without, however, losing the better sides of his character—his industry and good nature. He has a wife and five children. For the last seven months he has shown signs of improvement and given no cause for complaint. His mistress is interested in his well-being, and in order to restore in him a sense of self-esteem entrusts him with the collection of a considerable sum of money. Polikushka is proud of his errand and promises his wife to carry it out with scrupulous exactness, without yielding to temptation. On the way back he loses the money, returns home, answers his wife's questions moodily and brokenly, and then walks up to the garret and hangs himself on a beam. A neighbor sees his body and informs the wife of the accident. Leaving the child she has been bathing in the tub of water, she rushes madly up the stairway, where she drops down unconscious. On recovering, she finds the child drowned. Overcome by the fearful catastrophe she becomes demented and laughs and talks continuously. The village folk who were preparing to celebrate a holiday with music and dancing, crowd eagerly around the scene of accident and add to the general confusion.

The tragedy is enhanced by the ironic commentary of the accompanying plot. The nephew of Dutlov, an old miser, is recruited for military service in place of Polikushka, whose choice had been benevolently hindered by the landlady to prevent his separation from wife and children. Dutlov might redeem his nephew with three hundred rubles. This he refuses to do, and there is a violent scene between the uncle and the nephew at the moment of parting. The nephew calls the old man a robber and a vampire, and has forcibly to be kept from attacking him. As Dutlov returns to the village he finds the money Polikushka had lost and brings it to the proprietress. But she, not yet recovered from the shock of the tragedy in her household, would have nothing to do with the ill-fated money. As Dutlov returns home he sees the dead body of Polikushka hanging from the beam. He has a terrible dream that night, springs up from his bed, hurries after his nephew, whom he succeeds in overtaking, and with the found money furnishes a substitute for him. Thus what had brought disaster to one family, where, whatever the temporary mistakes of the father, a general spirit of kindliness and gentleness pervaded, became the cause of the restoration of peace and happiness to another, whose ruin had been threatened by the niggardliness, stubbornness and hard-heartedness of its chief.

"Kholstomier" is the story of a horse of noble stock that had once been the favorite of his master, but is now old and decayed and abandoned, and of the sport of his young, fresh, frisky and coddled companions in whose midst he had been placed to drag out his useless and wretched existence. At last Kholstomier, the horse, determines to tell them his history and prove to them he had once not been worse than they, and that the same fate awaited them in the end. He had always been a possession, always in the

power of another. He explains the conception of property and comes to the conclusion that the horse stands above men, for while the life of the former is based on action, man's activity manifests itself merely in words. Such words are in the first place all those which bear reference to property. He who can apply the word "*mine*" to the greatest number of things is regarded by men as the most fortunate. He says: "Why this is so, I can not tell, but it is so. At first I was at pains to explain this on account of some special advantage, but it soon appeared that this was false. Many of the people, for instance, who called me their horse, did not ride me, others rode me. They did not feed me, others fed me. Kindness was shown me, not by those who called me their horse, but by the coachman, horse-doctors, and in general, strangers. Later, as the sphere of my observations extended, I convinced myself that it is not only with reference to the horse that the conception *mine* has no other basis than the low and animal instinct of men, which they call the sense of property or the right of property. The man says, 'The house is mine,' and does not live in it. He is only concerned about its construction and its preservation. There are men who call a piece of land '*mine*' and have never seen this land, and have never walked upon it. There are men who call other men '*mine*' and have never seen these men, and all their relations to these men consist in their doing harm to them. And men in their life do not strive to do that which they regard as good, but to call as many things as possible theirs. I am now convinced that in this consists the essential difference between men and us horses."

Kholstomier is bought by a prince, and he is proud of having so distinguished a master and of driving him to his mistress. One day the prince learns that his mistress has abandoned him. He pursues her with Kholstomier, running him so unreasonably that the horse becomes permanently crippled and enfeebled. He then passes on from one master to another, sinking lower and lower, until he reaches the condition described at the opening of this story. The prince is met with again in the story as a ruined man, partly dependent on the charitable support of a rich friend. A merciful stroke of the flayer at last relieves the horse from his miserable position, while the man is allowed to rot away alive.

Period II. (1878-1901). Literary and Ethico-Sociological Writings.

Literary Writings.

"Death of Ivan Ilich" (1885).
"Power of Darkness" (1887), a drama.
"Kreutzer Sonata" (1888).
"Fruits of Culture" (1888), a drama.
"The First Brewer" (1888), a drama.
"Master and Workman" (1895).
"Resurrection" (1900).
"Who Is Right?" (1901).

"Resurrection," a later novel, indicates by its very title Tolstoi's radical departure from his former method in his works of fiction. It is true that few of Tolstoi's compositions are purely works of art, that the didactic element is present in most of them, and is particularly conspicuous in "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina." In all these, however, the ethical and philosophical themes of Tolstoi are for the most part merely supplementary. They do not enter organically into the works themselves, and can easily be distinguished from them. In "Resurrection," on the contrary, the artist is altogether discarded and the philosopher and moralist are allowed to hold the ground undisputed. If, in spite of all this, the artistic quality is evident throughout the work, and now and then rises to a height little if at all beneath the best in "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," it is because Tolstoi, being naturally an artist, his creations spontaneously and unwittingly assume the artistic form.

The story is briefly this: The hero, a Russian nobleman, has in his youth betrayed a young woman of humble rank, a dependent on his family. When the story opens, ten years have elapsed. She has been driven to a life of shame; he has had the reckless career of the average officer and man of the world. One day he finds himself summoned to serve on a jury, and there he meets once more the woman whom he has wronged. She is accused of poisoning, and her case is one of those which he is required to consider. She is not guilty, yet she is convicted, partly through her own ignorance of the forms of law, and sentenced to exile. His nature is profoundly stirred by these happenings, for he is now old enough to take a serious view of life, and the predisposition to do so is not lacking. As he reviews his career his better self is awakened, and this is the "resurrection" to which the title has reference. In making us understand the workings of this man's mind, at this particular juncture, the author displays his highest powers, and gives us a piece of psychological analysis which has rarely been equaled. The upshot of it is that he determines as far as possible to atone for his crime by making the convict his wife and sharing her banishment to Siberia. But he pleads his cause with her in vain, for her soul is also experiencing a sort of "resurrection," and she will not accept what she can not consider other than a sacrifice. He persists, however, in making the journey to Siberia and in doing what he can to ameliorate her condition. Eventually his efforts secure a commutation of her sentence, and she marries a fellow-prisoner.

"The Death of Ivan Ilich" is a powerful psychologic study in which is depicted the slow, gradual and painful death in consequence of a seemingly slight injury to the once fresh and life-loving Ilich.

"Kreutzer Sonata" is the story of a hasty love and marriage and its tragical consequences. Rozdnyschev becomes suspicious of his wife and kills her in a paroxysm of jealousy. The work is not only an arraignment of the present status of the family, but seems to be a plea against the union of man and woman in general and for the extinction of the human race.

"Master and Workman" embodies the antique teaching of the vanity of riches. A timber-merchant—rough, coarse, and hard-hearted—goes to the forest with his man, loses his way and is caught in a snow-storm. He unharnesses the horse, mounts it, and rides away, leaving his humble companion to his fate. The horse, failing to find its way through the tempest, brings him back to the sledge on which the workman is huddled, already stiff with cold, and half-buried in the snow. With a rush, the uselessness of the cowardly attempt he has just made to save his own life, and the vanity of all his past efforts to accumulate riches, which at such a moment have lost all value in his eyes, surge over the merchant's soul, sweep away the artificial layer of selfishness, and stir his underlying instinct of altruism and sympathy for his neighbor. His sole idea now is to bring back warmth, with his fur coat and with his own body to the poor wretch to whom he had not given a thought a little while ago. He stretches himself upon his body, and there, a few hours later, he is found in the same posture; he has brought his last undertaking to a successful issue. Death has come to him, indeed, but the workman is alive.

The plot of Tolstoi's last novel, "Who is Right?" is as follows: Vladimir Ivanovitch Spessivtzer, who is employed at the Ministry of Agriculture, has been spending some time abroad with his wife, Maria Nikolaievna, and his sixteen-year-old daughter Vera. In the autumn they return to Russia, and on the way to St. Petersburg visit a brother-in-law, Anatol Dimitrivitch Lishchin, who is a district president in one of the governments which have greatly suffered from bad harvests. The first conversation among the relatives does not prove altogether agreeable. The liberalism of the sixties is touched on superficially. Lischin feels insulted at the self-conscious, incautious tone of Spessivtzer, and this meeting places their by no means friendly relations in a very glaring light. During this time a conversation is being carried on in the bedroom between the ladies, while in the nursery the eldest scion of the Lishchin family is enchanted with his cousin Vere, a girl full of life, with sparkling eyes and beautiful teeth. A neighbor, a prince, is expected for a shooting-party which has been arranged for the morrow. During dinner he appears, and every endeavor is made to be pleasant to him. The next morning they set off on slippery roads for the shooting. On the way a conversation springs up about the conditions under which the peasant population lives, about bad harvests, and the organization of relief. Vera, who is accustomed to having attention paid to her on all sides, feels bored, the conversation does not interest her. Only when she hears that it is intended to organize help for the suffering peasantry, and that she can take part in it, does she become lively again. She finally receives permission to remain three weeks with the Lishchins. At the end of three weeks, when her old nurse comes to take her, she will not return home. In consequence, there is a scene at home between the parents, and the father tries to bring his influence to bear on his daughter, but in vain. It appears that Vera's feelings and views—her whole

nature, in short—have undergone a radical change. She refuses to leave people among whom she has an opportunity to work for the good of her neighbor, and where she can prove herself to be a useful member of human society. Moreover, she repudiates the idea of returning to surroundings where she would be condemned to idle inaction and a mere vegetative existence.

Ethico-Sociological Writings.

"What is Happiness?" (1882).
"What Shall We Do Then?" (1884-5).
"My Confessions" (1889).
"What I Believe" (1892).
"The Kingdom of God is Within You" (1893).
"Politics and Religion" (1894).
"Christianity and Patriotism" (1895).
"Letters to a Pole" (1896).
"War and Peace" (1896).
"What is Art?" (1898).
"Slavery of our Times" (1900).
"My Reply to the Holy Synod" (1901).
"The Czar and His Ministers" (1901).

The pith of these foregoing works is found in the chapter called "Tolstoi's Philosophy."

LIFE OF LEO NIKOLAEVICH TOLSTOI.

Leo Nikolaevich Tolstoi was born August 28 (new style September 9), 1828, on the estate of Iasnaia Poliana, in the government of Tula. He is a descendant of an ancient stock, one of his ancestors in the sixth generation, Peter Andreevich Tolstoi, having obtained the title of count through distinguished service under Peter the Great. Leo was the youngest male member of a family of four sons and one daughter. His mother, who belonged to the princely family of the Volkenskis, died a year and a half after his birth. At the age of nine, he also lost his father.

Iasnaia Poliana is a simple and essentially unattractive country-place; but the close intimacy with nature in which Tolstoi's earliest boyhood was spent, the atmosphere of country life and near contact with the peasant populace must have impressed themselves strongly on his boyish susceptibility and doubtless lent permanent color to his manner of viewing life in general.

In the year 1837, the children of the Tolstoi family, left without parents, were entrusted to the care of two sisters of the father and a distant family relation. Tolstoi first learned to know the city on entering the school of Kazan in 1843. The conditions then prevailing in the management of the school were not of a kind calculated to inspire the young boy with respect either for the science or the honesty of its administrators. He chose a course

in Oriental languages, but the indecision and restlessness which mark his early career did not permit him to devote himself systematically to any single subject of study. He turned to history and law, and even dabbled in mathematics, failed signally in a number of his examinations, and at the end of three years returned to Iasnaia Poliana without having been graduated.

The estate of Iasnaia Poliana was badly managed at the time, and young Tolstoi, already fired with ideas for the improvement of the condition of the peasantry, set about at once introducing reforms which he thought would prove conducive to the improvement of the serfs and the land. He wanted to build better houses and lighten the labor of his men by machinery. But his first experiment was doomed to disappointment. He was hampered at every step by the ignorance, the obstinacy and the mistrust of the people. Instead of being welcomed as a friend, he was looked on with suspicion.

Losing all patience, he left in the fall of 1847 for St. Petersburg and there attempted to complete the course in criminal law which he had begun at Kazan. But his good resolution melted away with the thawing of the ice and snow. He returned again to Iasnaia Poliana in the spring and soon after went to Moscow. Here he threw himself precipitately with all the ardor of a vigorous and passionate nature, into the pleasures which the high society of the ancient metropolis offered. He gambled, drank, dissipated, tasted deep of all the "enjoyments of vice," as he later called them. Years afterward, when he had promised never to touch a card again, he lost a sum which he had not the means to pay. From this difficulty he was extricated by the unexpected receipt the next day of the honorarium for his "Cossacks," all of which went in payment of the loss, but he seems after this never to have played again.

Weary of the ceaseless round of pleasures, Tolstoi at length determined to tear himself away from his old acquaintances and surroundings and temptations. With his brother Nikolai, he went in 1851 to the Caucasus. Here he was deeply impressed and delighted with the grand picturesqueness of the natural scenery, and with the unhampered vigorous life of the primitive native tribes. In order to be able to continue his stay in that region, he was persuaded to enter military service. At that time there existed a state of war between the Russians and the wild mountain tribes. He took part in the various expeditions and had a narrow escape from Tartar captivity.

The peasants whom he had hitherto known only in their peaceful agricultural life, he now met as soldiers, and there gained that deep and close insight into the workings of the human soul under the most varied circumstances that so strikingly manifests itself in all his works. While himself under fire, he made minute observations of the fighting people around him. It was during his sojourn in the Caucasus that he began the writing of his "Memories: Childhood, Boyhood, Youth," followed by "A Morning in the Life of a Landed Proprietor," "The Invaders" and "The Cossacks."

In 1853 he returned to Iasnaia Poliana, but immediately afterward, on the

outbreak of the Crimean war, joined Prince Gorchakov's staff and passed through all the dangers and hardships of a severe campaign. He took part in the battle of Chernigof and in the siege of Sevastopol. A captain of artillery serving in the same battery with Tolstoi, gives the following sympathetic account of Tolstoi during the war:

"With his descriptions and rapidly improvised verses, the Count inspired all and made us forget the severest hardships of war. He was, in the most thorough sense of the word, the soul of our battery. When he was among us we scarcely noticed how the time passed; when he was away (which happened very often, as he was fond of taking little excursions to Simferopol) we all hung our noses. At last he returned—like the prodigal son—somber, disappointed, thinned down, at odds with the whole world. Then he would take me aside and begin a general confession, how extravagantly he had played and how he had been drinking, where he had spent the days and even the nights, and so on. And he worried and mortified himself on account of his depravity, and suffered pangs of conscience as if he had committed the Lord knows what crimes. One couldn't help feeling really sorry for the fellow. Such a man was he! In a word, a peculiar being! Honestly speaking, I could not quite understand him. At any rate, he was an excellent chum, an honest soul, and had a golden heart. Whoever came near to him had to like him and could never forget him."

The immediate literary outcome of his experiences in the Crimean war are the three famous sketches, "Sevastopol in December, 1854, in May and in August, 1855," written at leisure intervals during the war.

Tolstoi left the army in 1855, having greatly distinguished himself as an artillery officer in Sevastopol. The knowledge of men and things he had acquired in his war experiences, find their fullest expression in his later incomparable composition, "War and Peace." He had encountered daily danger at Sevastopol, had undergone all the fatigues and extremes of a hard campaign, observed the common soldiers as well as the officers in all situations, in all moods, on the field of battle, as well as in the hospitals and in the camp. At the same time he took note of the conditions of life in the besieged town and of the attitude of its inhabitants. This familiarity with every aspect of war became a wonderful instrument in his hands in the writing of his masterpiece.

When Tolstoi came to St. Petersburg, he found that his literary fame had preceded him. He entered into social connections with the greatest writers of the time. Then there lived in the capital some of the greatest talents which Russian literature has to boast of—Dostoevski, Turgenev, Goucharov, Grigorovich, Ostrovski. All these he now met, but was particularly favored by Turgenev, the greatest writer of Russia at the time, who easily recognized the genius of Tolstoi. The latter, however, was but ill at ease in the society of these great men. When in the army, he mingled freely with the soldiers, laughed and talked with them, and felt himself in

harmony with the freedom and democracy of the life there prevailing. Here, on the other hand, he found a spirit of exclusiveness, an intellectual aloofness which displeased him, for his nature revolted against every form of aristocracy. Some of their conversations, too, displeased and astonished him. He could not understand how any one could grow honestly enthusiastic in the discussion of abstract and learned questions, such as the literature and the science of the day. These eccentricities, added to his intolerance of contradiction, produced interminable frictions, and led to frequent quarrels, particularly with Turgenev. It is little wonder, then, that he soon tired of this uncongenial intercourse with the intellectual fraternity of the capital, and again left for his estate.

In 1857 he visited England, France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy, and later traveled again in Germany. While in Germany he visited the schools, talked with some of the celebrated educators and examined the educational methods of the country, with the object of finding help for his contemplated scheme of popular education among the peasant children of his estate.

Although disappointed in his search, he did not desist from his undertaking. He established a school in Iasnaia Poliana, conducting it on principles radically different from any system of pedagogy which had as yet been practically tested. There was an utter absence of discipline, no strict limitations as to hours of attendance, no obligations as to attendance at all. Pupils were allowed to sit wherever they pleased, even on the window-sills, the only requirement in this respect being that the smaller ones should take the nearer places from where they could see their teacher. Often the teacher was seen in the center and all the scholars grouped around him. Tolstoi himself was one of the teachers. The institution prospered under his care, and in the course of two years there were twelve schools in the district.

In the subjects and methods of education, the same freedom was observed as in external management. The object was not to force knowledge on unwilling minds, but to learn from the inclinations of the taught what knowledge was most congenial to them. In the opinion of Tolstoi, only such knowledge was of value. Hence, instruction should be made pleasant. With this view Tolstoi tried several experiments without success, until finally he won the peasant children over by telling them, in his own inimitable way, stories from the Old Testament. They hung upon every word, and usually cried for more when he had done. From the Old Testament he proceeded in the same manner to Russian history. By small courses in chemistry and physics he also introduced them to nature study.

Tolstoi had the gratification of seeing his efforts crowned with success. The schoolrooms began to be visited also by adults. The children learned reading and writing, and some even displayed remarkable imaginative and creative talent. Special text-books were prepared for the schools, some of them composed by the pupils themselves. All who had visited the schools,

among them some famous padagogists, unanimously conceded the remarkable success of his experiment. In the pedagogic magazine, which he published under the name of *Iasnaia Poliana*, Tolstoi explained the methods of his schools and their basic principles. The magazine contains some very valuable suggestions on national education. With these, however, he intermingles opinions on education in general, on progress and civilization, which are noteworthy as revealing his peculiar position on these subjects, even at that early period. Progress, in his opinion, was useful only to the leisured classes; for all others it was an evil.

The sad fate of his brother Nikolai, who died in his arms at Nice in October, 1860, after a long period of suffering from consumption, left a deep and lasting impression on Tolstoi. The picture of the going out of life which he had witnessed, remained with him for a long time and haunted him. The admirable death-scenes in his subsequent fiction were probably composed under the influence of this experience.

During the Crimean war appeared the trilogy, "Sevastopol in December 1854; in May, and in August, 1855," followed immediately by "The Wood-Cutting Expedition" (1855). In 1856 he published "Notes of a Marker," "The Two Hussars," the "Snowstorm," and "An Old Acquaintance;" in 1857, "Lucerne" and "Albert;" in 1859, "Three Deaths" and "Family Happiness;" in 1860, "Polikushko;" in 1861, "Kholstomier."

In 1862, Tolstoi married Sophia Andreevna Behrs, the daughter of a physician in Moscow, of German descent, an early-developed girl of stately appearance, extraordinary beauty of figure and very tall. Her delicate face, encircled with thick chestnut-brown hair and animated with sparkling blue eyes, bespoke spirit and intelligence. She received a good harmonious education, being neither a one-sided training in accomplishments nor merely intellectual; the imaginative faculties and the intellect were equally developed. She had a knowledge of four languages and read the masterpieces of the Russian, German, French and English literatures. This girl understood to the full the worth of a man like Tolstoi. She saw her highest dream of happiness accomplished when the much admired author declared his love to her. The circumstances of his declaration were precisely the same as those described in "Anna Karenina" between Levin and Kitty. Tolstoi and Sophia Behrs were sitting at a card-table apart from the other guests at a social gathering, when Levin took a piece of chalk and traced the following initial letters on the table-cloth: "W. y. a. m. t. i. c. n. b. d. y. m. t. o. n.?" ("When you answered me then, 'it can not be,' did you mean then or never?") She is said to have understood him immediately and answered in the same manner: "T. I. c. n. a. o." ("Then, I could not answer otherwise.") He was equally quick in deciphering her meaning, and thus they continued their conversation to the end.

For the next several years Tolstoi gave himself up entirely to family life and to school work and the management of his estate. In 1865 he began the

publication of his greatest novel, the prose epic, "War and Peace," in the *Russian Messenger,* completed in 1868. At the same time, he did not abandon his educational activity, publishing class-books, and inventing methods for the easier conveyance of rudimentary knowledge, and ingenious mnemonic devices, for children. In 1874 he began to issue his second great novel, "Anna Karenina," completed in 1878. Soon after he renounced his artistic career, and with but few exceptions devoted himself to the publication of religious and ethical books and pamphlets, and to work on his estate for and with the peasants. A pathetic incident connected with Tolstoi's abandonment of the literary art is Turgenev's dying appeal to his friend that he should return again to the calling which nature so plainly indicated as his own. When it is remembered what little appreciation Tolstoi showed of Turgenev, and how the latter had seen him fall asleep over the manuscript of his best novel, "Fathers and Sons," this circumstance assumes magnified importance, both as illustrating the large-hearted disinterestedness of Turgenev and the extraordinary value he attached to Tolstoi's literary creations.

"My dear, dear Leo Nikolaevich," wrote Turgenev, "I have not written you for so long, because I was and am still lying, to put it briefly, on my death-bed. I can not recover. But I write you to let you know how glad I am of being your contemporary, and able to place this, my last and sincere request, before you. My friend, return to your literary labors. Does not your talent come from the same source whence all things come? How happy I should be if I could know that my prayer had been granted! My friend, great writer of the Russian soil, grant my prayer!"

In spite of this fervent plea Tolstoi but rarely returned to his old art. Besides his simple popular tales issued in 1880, he published "The Death of Ivan Ilich" (1885); the dramas, "The Power of Darkness" (1887), "The Fruits of Culture" and "The First Brewer;" "Kreutzer Sonata" (1888); "Master and Workman" (1895); "Resurrection" (1890) and "Who Is Right?" (1901). To his ethical, religious, and philosophical writings belong "My Confessions" (1889); "What I Believe" (1892); "What Is Happiness" (1882); "What Shall We Do Then?" (1884-5); "The Kingdom of God is Within You" (1893); "Politics and Religion" (1894); "Christianity and Patriotism" (1895); "Letters to a Pole" (1896); "War and Peace" (1896); "What is Art?" (1898); "The Slavery of Our Times" (1900); "My Reply to the Holy Synod" (1901); and "The Czar and His Ministers" (1901).

Tolstoi still continues active with the pen and ready to serve the poor and the oppressed with all the means at his command. In 1892, on hearing of the destitution of the peasants in the famine districts, he left all his literary labors, which at that time greatly absorbed his attention, and started a vigorous campaign of relief, going to the famine district himself, and enlisting in the same service, his two daughters and three sons. He established tea stands, soup booths, and corn and clothing stores. He was constantly on his feet from

morning till night, in the severest cold, hail, rain or snow, going from house to house and gathering information about the needs of each family or individual. In addition, he found time to publish newspaper articles and pamphlets concerning the condition of the famine-stricken districts.

It was to assist the emigration to Canada of the Dukhoborchi, a religious sect whose beliefs largely conform to the principles of Tolstoi, that he wrote the novel "Resurrection," the proceeds of which were to go entirely in their aid, and his manly letter protesting against the conduct of the government during the recent internal troubles, is still fresh in the memory of every newspaper reader.

From his youth, Tolstoi has been accustomed to vigorous, physical exercise. He was as much at home in the chase and on the ice-field as in the fashionable ball-room. Although now seventy-three years of age, he still performs manual labor and is a skilful cyclist.

TOLSTOI, THE MAN.

It is a truism to say that the works of art, even of genius, suffer in proportion as they are not self-intelligible and require biographic or other external elucidation. It is this which obscures so much in the works of Goethe and narrows his popularity. Tolstoi is entirely free from such a fault, as are indeed all the best Russian authors, and yet it is a familiar fact that the widespread fame of Tolstoi, the author, is, to no small extent, due to the fame of the man. It was indeed a strange and unique spectacle which this count, the creator of "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," offered to the world. Hailed as the greatest author of Russia, gladly welcomed as a distinguished guest in all the circles of St. Petersburg and Moscow society, he suddenly turned his back on the splendors and pleasures which he had hitherto enjoyed and settled on his estate of Iasnaia Poliana to live and work as a peasant among the peasants.

This change, which to the general onlooker must have appeared sudden and abrupt, was nevertheless but the practical expression of a stage of intellectual development which commenced with Tolstoi's youth and has never since this turning-point in his life quite cared to undergo modifications. Tolstoi early displayed a meditative and even brooding disposition. He was always skeptical of authority, and original in his views. At an age when the ordinary youth, scarcely in the exuberance of his own life so much as realizes the existence of death, Tolstoi's mind was morbidly exercised with reflections on this subject, and after witnessing the death of his brother, the thought of the ending of life seems never to have left him. It forms the theme of two of his shorter works, and is circumstantially described in "Anna Karenina," and in other novels. Later, his speculations on death assume that mystic and metaphysical quality which is characteristic of so much of Tolstoi's constructive philosophy. Death is but "birth to a new life," and a life full of blissful promise, it would appear;

for in his latest pamphlet, "My Reply to the Holy Synod," Tolstoi writes: "Eternal life and retribution I recognize to such a degree, that at my age, standing as I do on the verge of the grave, I must often make efforts to refrain from desiring bodily death." This statement is not a little remarkable following immediately on the declaration of his disbelief in a life beyond the grave, and excluding, as he does in general, every element of the supernatural from the Christianity which he calls his religion.

From these meditations on death, Tolstoi was naturally led on to the inquiry into the meaning of life itself. Since man's span is limited, how make best use of what time there is? It was needful to work out a theory of life to solve this problem, and the result of his searching obtains its first direct expression in "My Confessions" (1889), the appearance of which may be conveniently taken to mark the formal severance between the old and the new Tolstoi.

Tolstoi could never be completely reconciled to the life of pleasure to which he had for a time yielded. Even when most violently borne on the tide of his passions, and when he seemed completely and helplessly under their control, that second element in his dual nature, always strong in Tolstoi, the element which revealed to him the hollowness and emptiness of his existence—in a word, the spiritual element, was never entirely subdued. In "Notes of a Marker" he depicts the gradual downward progress of Nekhludov, who had become addicted to gambling, and who, in a moment of self-recognition, on realizing the abasement into which he had sunk, ends his life by sending a bullet through his head. This Nekhludov is an autobiographic character. It was not for years to come that he was able completely to extricate himself from the habits of overindulgence to which he had become a victim in consequence of the surroundings determined by his class position.

With this new freedom, however, the solution as to the best mode of life became only the more urgent. He had already begun to be beset by doubts as to the usefulness of his work as an author. Even as he was writing his finest works, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," he would sometimes pause in the midst of his work and ask himself: "And why are you doing all this? And what, on the whole, is the meaning of your life?" Joy in mere creative work had ceased to satisfy him, had ceased to be a cause sufficient in itself. Fame and riches had lost their meaning. He was groping in the dark, and was in despair. The wherefore of life, and how to live it worthily—these questions came more and more frequently and more and more compellingly, until at last they would no longer leave him.

Nevertheless, he was in possession of perfect health. "Physically," he writes in his "Confessions," "I could vie with the peasant at hay-making. Mentally, I could work eighteen hours without feeling any harmful consequences. And with all this, I had come to such a pass that I was unable to live, and that, in the fear of death, I had to resort to cunning against myself that I might not commit suicide."

At that time Tolstoi happened to spend a winter in Moscow and undertook to study the problem of poverty as manifested in the conditions of the poor of that city. A census was about to be taken, and he procured the supervision of the poor's quarter. With the aid of a number of students he went from house to house and had ample opportunity to make observations, and the indigence, the want and destitution he encountered surpassed all his expectations. As usual in the case of Tolstoi, contact with the actual fact produced a tremendous impression. Here, then, was something real to be done, the utility of which could not be doubted. The poverty of the city must be eradicated, and with an enthusiasm and a naive characteristic utopianism, Tolstoi set about the consummation of this object. He called together meetings of rich friends and organized a subscription fund. But the friends remained lukewarm and the subscribed sums were not forthcoming. Incredulous smiles greeted his pleadings. He was told that his efforts were futile, that it was his kind heart that prompted him to enter into such a work, but that poor people there always had been and always will be.

At first he met these remarks with impatience and even with tears. Soon, however, he came to recognize his mistake. The cause of the misery of the masses lay far deeper than he had expected. It had its origin in the existent economic and social order of things, and any such superficial measure as proposed by him, even if successful, could only serve as an inefficient and temporary relief. It required a thorough, radical reorganization of society to remove the cause of the evil. What enabled one group of people to live in riches and superabundance, brought about the misery and want of all the rest. Idleness in the one case meant overwork in the other.

Tolstoi did not shrink from the inevitable conclusions of this recognition. He had long ago regarded himself as useless; he now found that he was a parasite. But did this parasitism at least bring happiness to those who lived by it? No. On the contrary, it engendered skepticism, disgust of life, despair and suicide. On the other hand, the peasant, who earned his bread by his own toil, did not weary of life. His joys were few, but he was able to live, while Tolstoi, the count, was not. Nor was the peasant tormented with questions as to the meaning of existence. Life and death were accepted as coming from God, and with the peasant this was no mere phrase. It was a reality. God pervaded their whole life, and death was but the last stage of life.

In all their actions the consciousness of God is constantly present in the peasants' mind, and their simple duties proceed from God. Of these the first is love and helpfulness, the second work. To the peasant it is impossible to doubt the necessity of work. Hence, in order to attain to a recognition of God, the two main requisites are work and a spirit of helpfulness. Tolstoi, in adopting the life of the peasant, found in it not only the liberation from parasitism but the ultimate solution of the entire problem of life. In working for one's own needs and in being helpful to others, he discerned the justification of his existence. Such a life, if become universal, would, he thought,

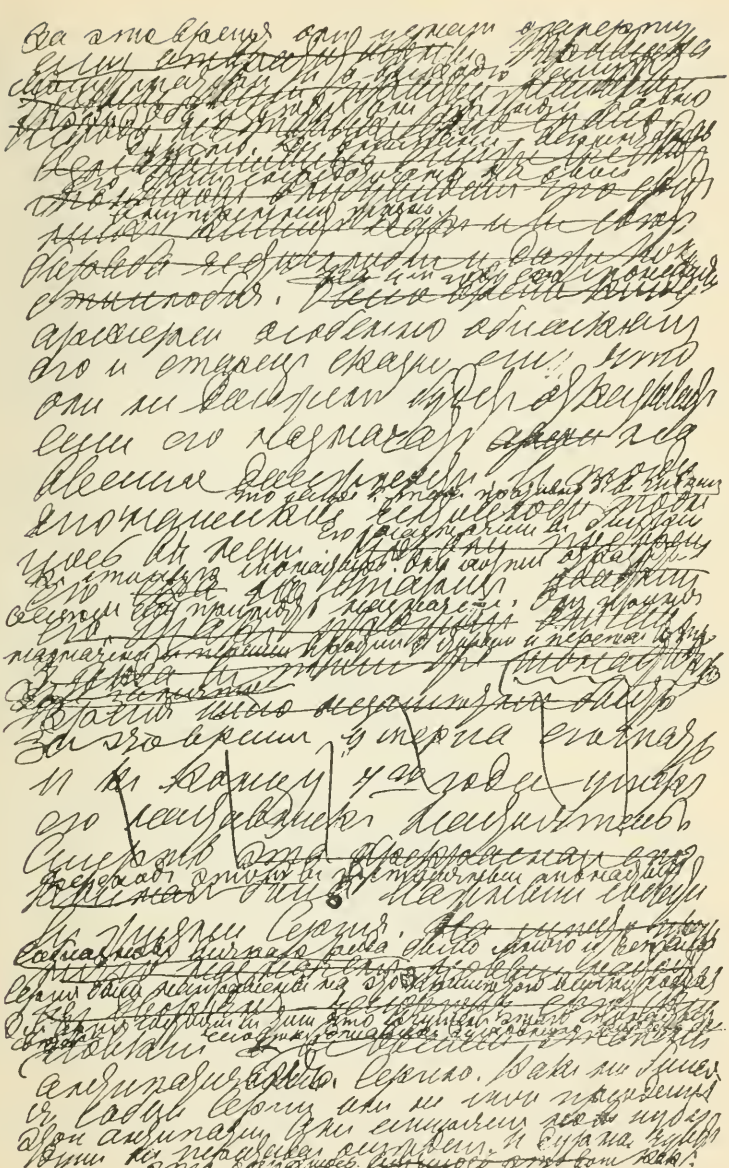
bring about the substitution of a world of good for the present order of force and oppression.

Personal Appearance.

The impression of his face is unique. A powerfully arching forehead with numerous wrinkles grouped in parallel lines around a middle deeper furrow. The eyebrows are thick and overhanging. In the sockets underneath are set two little, wise, sharp eyes, whose look seems to issue from the inmost depth and to penetrate into the very being of the person on whom it chances to rest. The nose is wide, almost flat, with thick nostrils. From these two heavy wrinkles run down in the direction of the mouth, whose underlip recalls the past life of sensual enjoyment of which he had so copiously tasted. While the hair on his head has gradually thinned, receding further and further from his forehead, but hiding part of his large and ugly ears, the mouth, cheeks and chin are covered completely with a long gray beard descending over the chest. No one will find this face harmonious or handsome in the usual sense; it has even at first sight something frightening and uncanny. It is only on closer observation that one recognizes in his features the balanced equilibrium between intelligence and will, power and knowledge which lend immediate expression to the personality. Usually the count appears in the country in a simple linen blouse held together by a narrow leather strap. Into this he thrusts one of his powerful hands, especially when looking at something, or engaged in leisure conversation. These hands show not only familiarity with the pen, but a capacity to grapple with whatever the practical demands of life enforce. For small clothes he wears trunk-hose, and the feet are covered with a pair of those large, heavy, but well-made shoes, to the possession of which even the poor man of Russia attaches great value. The head is covered with a linen cap, like those worn by peasants.

Method of Work.

To this day Tolstoi exhibits a vast amount of interest with regard to all literary questions. As soon as he hears of some characteristic event he traces its causes and examines its possible availability for a story. To become the subject of Tolstoi's elaboration, however, the theme must fulfil many qualifications. In the first place, the subject must be new and intrinsically valuable. Secondly, it must touch a form of life with which Tolstoi is thoroughly familiar, for the count does not like to write from hearsay. Finally, and most important of all, the subject must take possession of Tolstoi, as a sick man is caught by a fever, or a man of sound health by a coughing-fit. Only then can Tolstoi turn to his work with a real artistic fervor. Almost all his works undergo numerous revisions. In the first place, a bare sketch of the work is prepared without any regard to detail. A clean copy of this is then made for Tolstoi, and being placed on his desk, it is subjected by him to a re-elaboration.



SPECIMEN OF TOLSTOI'S MANUSCRIPT.

But this, too, is still only a draft. Soon the manuscript teems with erasures, changes, insertions and references to the other side of the page. Then a second clean copy is prepared and undergoes the same process. The same fate is shared by the third. Some chapters are rewritten by Tolstoi in this manner more than ten times. At the same time, he gives but scant attention to stylistic improvements, and has indeed a contempt for everything polished, finished and elaborate in art. It serves only, he says, to stifle the thought and injures the effect. He labors under an intense strain on each single chapter, permitting himself but slight intervals of relaxation, during which he keeps patiently to his bed. But few chapters come out successful, so to say, at the first throw, as for instance the race scene in "Anna Karenina," which he wrote under the influence of an account of Prince Obolenski. When finally the work has attained its desired form, Tolstoi would read it first to a circle of friends, whose remarks he would utilize. That the impression on the hearers does not always answer the expectations of the count, is best illustrated by the following incident:

After completing "The Power of Darkness," Tolstoi read the drama to several peasants to try its effect. What was the consequence? At the most thrilling passages, which Tolstoi could not recite without tears, a number of his hearers suddenly broke out into loud laughter, and thereby cooled the author's ardor considerably. The same thoroughgoing care which he bestows on his manuscripts, he also applies to the proof-sheets, and very often transforms these into new manuscripts. It may be asserted without exaggeration that after Tolstoi had examined ninety-nine proofs of his works, he would still find something to change in the hundredth. The feeling of self-criticism is in general highly developed in our author. It often happens that the very next day he regrets the mistake which he had made the day before.

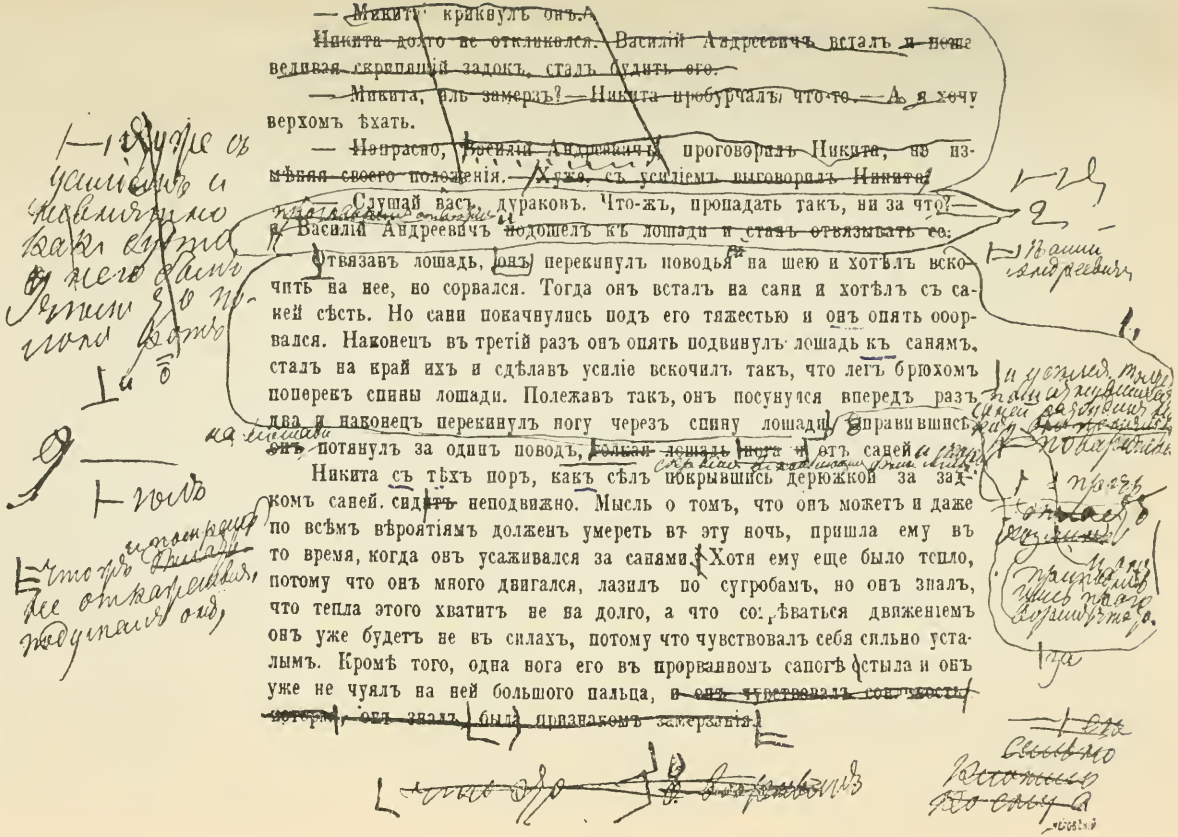
GENERAL SURVEY.

"Tolstoi's writings and life have meant more to me than any other man's. It seems to me that his greatest word is peace; and in this, as in everything, he appeals to the intellectual and spiritual reality within the official and social simulacrum which hides each of us from the others.

"Tolstoi's literature, his matchless art, his fiction, which makes all other appear so feeble and false, is merely the flower of his love of men, his desire to be true to them. I can not separate his ethics from his esthetics, for he has himself known no difference in them. But it seems to me that in his fiction he works more instinctively and vitally, and I believe that in this he will work longest. As a teacher, he has put into contemporaneous terms the wisdom which has always been in the world for the conduct of men; but as an artist, he has divined things concerning their nature and character in mystical heights and depths unreached before, and has portrayed life with an unexampled truth and fulness.

"One perfect life and one unerring doctrine we had already, and it is praise enough for Tolstoi to say that he teaches these with all his heart and all his mind; and however he falters and wanders, he worships them by a constant endeavor for their goodness and beauty."—*W. D. Howells.*

"To comprehend Tolstoi, the devotee is to remember that he is first of



— Никитъ, кликнулъ онъ.

Никита долго не откликался. Василій Андреевичъ всталъ и, взявъ скрипящій задокъ, сталъ будить его.

— Никита, ель замерзъ? — Никита пробурчалъ что-то. — А, я хочу верхомъ ѣхать.

— Напрасно, Василій Андреичъ, проговорилъ Никита, изъ-мѣняя своего положенія. — Хуже, съ усиліемъ выговорилъ Никита.

— Слушай васъ, дураковъ. Что-жъ, пропадать такъ, ни за что? — Василій Андреевичъ подошелъ къ лошади и сталъ отвязывать ее.

Отвязавъ лошадь, онъ перекинулъ поводья на шею и хотѣлъ вскочить на нее, но сорвался. Тогда онъ всталъ на сани и хотѣлъ съ сани сѣсть. Но сани покачнулись подъ его тяжестью и онъ опять оборвался. Наконецъ въ третій разъ онъ опять подвинулъ лошадь къ санямъ, сталъ на край ихъ и сдѣлавъ усиліе вскочилъ такъ, что легъ брюхомъ поперекъ спины лошади. Полежавъ такъ, онъ посунулся впередъ разъ, два и наконецъ перекинулъ ногу черезъ спину лошади, поправившись онъ потянулъ за одинъ поводъ, [illegible] лошадь [illegible] отъ саней.

Никита съ тѣхъ поръ, какъ сѣлъ покрывшись дерюжкой за задкомъ саней, сидѣлъ неподвижно. Мысль о томъ, что онъ можетъ и даже по всѣмъ вѣроятіямъ долженъ умереть въ эту ночь, пришла ему въ то время, когда онъ усаживался за санями. Хотя ему еще было тепло, потому что онъ много двигался, лазилъ по сугробамъ, но онъ зналъ, что тепла этого хватитъ не на долго, а что согрѣваться движеніемъ онъ уже будетъ не въ силахъ, потому что чувствовалъ себя сильно усталымъ. Кромѣ того, одна нога его въ прорванномъ сапогѣ остыла и онъ уже не чуялъ на ней большого пальца, и онъ чувствовалъ [illegible] онъ зналъ, былъ признакомъ замерзанія.

all the creative writer, the artist, the poet. His dramatic sense still affects his life. But every great author must be a humanitarian. As a Russian symbolist of the primitive Christianity, Tolstoi is in no wise a fanatic. There is a stern rational purpose in his bearing. He is a man on the ground, with arms outspread—a living cross—in the pathway of armies and emperors. Tolstoi is the supreme exemplar of an ideal, that of the patient and unselfish labor that is both love and prayer. An ideal routs the force of conventions; a single protagonist inspires a host of men. Tolstoi is the chief of living inspirers, and not for Russia alone. The children of his soul spring up in other lands. In my belief the most sincere, the most modest, the most distinguished of our own living writers, he has never been so great as since he openly consecrated his humor, his imagination, his pathos to the service of humanity. If he is not yet fully comprehended, he is beloved—already on our hearts' list for canonization. The rest will follow."—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

"Looking on Tolstoi simply as a writer, and appreciating him as a reader, there is one book which stands preeminent as a masterpiece of fiction, 'Anna Karenina.' It is certainly Shakespearian in its matchless portraiture, its wide range of human character; and it appeals to us even more than Shakespeare's work. Now Tolstoi in his converted state disavows his novels and has taken up the idea that all art for art's sake is wrong; in his first years he was guilty of that crime of writing purely for art's sake."—*Zangwill.*

"I desire to pay my tribute to the extraordinary quality of Tolstoi's works of fiction; and especially of those novels which, like 'Sevastopol,' and 'War and Peace,' lay their scenes among the events of war. To anyone who has been in military service, these books differ in kind from all other novels bearing on the same theme. All other military pictures, before those of Tolstoi, resembled those familiar engravings of the death of Nelson, in which that hero dies on the quarterdeck, in the midst of battle, surrounded by weeping officers, each one of whom has apparently just emerged from a bandbox, in exquisitely fitting garments, in time to strike an attitude and bid his admiral adieu. The waste, the uncertainty, the desultoriness of ordinary war, the dirt, its disease, its neglect, its absence of system and of method—all these things are familiar to those who have read of them in the wondrous pages of Tolstoi."—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

"Of all distinguished men that I have ever met, Tolstoi seems to me most in need of that enlargement of view and healthful modification of opinion which come from observing men, and comparing opinions in different lands and under different conditions. This need has been all the greater because in Russia there is no opportunity to discuss really important questions. Among the whole hundred and twenty millions of people there is no public body in which the discussion of large public questions is allowed; the press affords no real opportunity for discussion; indeed, it is more than doubtful whether such discussions would be allowed to any effective extent in correspondence or at one's own fireside. Like so many other men of genius in Russia, then—and Russia is fertile in such—he has had little opportunity to take part in any real discussion of leading topics, and the result is that his opinions have been developed without modification by any rational interchange of thought with other men. Under such circumstances, any man, no matter how noble or gifted, having given birth to striking ideas, coddles and pets them until they become the full-grown, spoiled children of his brain. He can see neither spot nor blemish in them, and he at last virtually believes himself infallible. This characteristic I found in several other Russians of marked ability. Each had developed his theories for himself until he had become

ated with them, and despised everything differing from them. This nain cause why sundry ghastly creeds, doctrines, and sects, religious, political, and philanthropic, have been developed in Russia."—*Dr. rw D. White.*

It is not necessary to read Tolstoi in the Russian in order to appreciate His Russian is so simple, at times so crude, he is so far beyond the try of language, he is so human, so general, that an American can under- him as well as a Russian. What he wants is to give life, not an example autiful style."—*The Critic.*

"The circumstances under which the character of Tolstoi has grown are as qualify the man for his work. He is so natural in Russia and would unnatural and out of place out of Russia, that one must understand the ry of the country as well as the man to understand the two. He is a of culture. He is entirely antagonistic to the conditions in which he born and bred, and yet he lives in Russia. He is out of sorts with himself use he is out of sorts with his surroundings, always in a state of unrest."—*am Cahan.*

"Nobody could possibly meet Tolstoi without being struck favorably with earnestness and sincerity of the man. It is written on his countenance. is serious and sober in his talk and cleanly in his person. Tolstoi may k he has cut loose from his novels. It is a mistake. The Tolstoi of to-day rom one end of his novels to th other. In a close study of the man one not escape from the fact that his art and his life are in a great measure allel. You can not take one without the other. If it were not for the of his life, the world would never have got the art of his books."—*nest H. Crosby.*

Criticisms on Tolstoi's Philosophy and Ethics.

"A genius of rare order. In the lines of his religious and social thought I, as a minister, interested. In these lines I am thoroughly convinced that moves in the right direction; and that the movement of such a mighty irit along these lines is one of the great factors of our present generation. hile I differ from him in many particulars of his religious and ethical aching, I am profoundly impressed by the fact that almost alone, one might y, among the great intellectual forces of our generation, he takes Jesus hrist seriously. It has been reserved for this one man to recall to the con- ience of the Christian church the forgotten fact that Jesus Christ knew what e was talking about and meant what he said—even in the words that offend ur Gradgrind minds."—*R. Heber Newton.*

"Tolstoi knows no better or higher law than the law of charity, fra- ernity, and forgiveness taught by Christ."—*The Nation,* 1898.

Criticisms on "War and Peace."

"A wonderful work, but its weakest side—and that is what the public especially enjoy—is its history and psychology. His history is sleight-of-hand, dazzling your eyes with trivial details; and his psychology is a capriciously uniform turmoil over one of the same set of themes; everthing has a relation to life, description, the military part, etc., is excellent. A master equal to Tolstoi we do not possess."—*Turguénief.*

"What a painter and what a psychologist! The first two volumes are sublime, but the third falls off horribly. He repeats himself when he philoso- phizes. At the end you see the gentleman, the author and the Russian—while

up to that time you had seen only nature and humanity. It is strong, very strong."—*Flaubert.*

"We see neither classic villains, nor classic heroes, we see only human souls, subjected to temporary passions and conditions, but in the main guided by pure and noble aspirations."—*Strazow.*

"Anna Karenina."

"'Anna Karenina' does not please me, though there are truly beautiful passages in it—the races, the mowing, the hunt—but it all tastes sour, and smells of Moscow, incense, old maids, Slavophilism, Junkerthum."—*Turguénief.*

"'Anna Karenina'—one of the most thrilling novels of our time, making light of all romantic literature and trying to find the elements of a purely Christian art."—*The Nation,* 1898.

"Memories: Childhood, Boyhood, Youth."

"Tolstoi's characters are astonishingly real. We get to know them as intimately as persons that we have known in the flesh, sometimes more intimately. But in spite of and along with this intimacy, English readers can not help feeling all the while that they are brought into contact with strange and unfamiliar natures, whose thoughts and impulses and actions are not as ours, and yet are irresistibly true to life. This sense of novelty and background of strangeness is not without its charm, for the element of surprise is essential to recreation.

"The personages engaged are, in the main, the same throughout—the father, the elder brother, and sister, remaining more or less prominent all along. In particular the picture of his nurse, Natalie Savichna, will go straight home to the hearts of all who have been fortunate enough to learn by personal experience of what absolute unselfishness and unfaltering devotion old servants are capable. Degraded, as a girl, from the rank of a housemaid to that of a farm-servant for wishing to marry a fellow-domestic, and restored on resigning her desire, we find her regarding the gift of enfranchisement as a sentence of exile, and devoting the remainder of her life to the service of her young mistress. Her simple, affectionate ways, endless industry, and homely, unfeigned grief for the death of Nicola's mother, are illustrated in the most touching way imaginable. The account of her own last days is profoundly touching.

"Of his mother, the picture, though faint, is lifelike, and the references to her always marked by a rare affection and reverence. Another admirable sketch is his German tutor, a lonely old man, sensitive, easily appeased, with comical methods of self-assertion, and a disinterested affection not wholly exempt from the desire of obtaining material *quid pro quo.* His father, too, is painted in vivid relief,—chivalrous, susceptible, and emotional; an inveterate gambler; always needing an audience for the performance of a good action; enviable on account of the perfect skill he showed in hiding from others as well as from himself the unpleasant side of life; and so constantly at the mercy of his impulses that he never had time to acquire any principles; being for the rest quite too well pleased with life to see the necessity of them.

"Nicholas (Tolstoi himself) is very far from being an ideal character, but rather one strangely compounded of good and evil, of ignoble curiosity, and chivalrous impulses, sensitive and confident by turns. All these shifting traits are delightfully illustrated in the episode of his grandmother's birthday-party, where he loses his heart, child fashion, to the little Sonia.

"The second and third divisions of the book are even more absorbingly interesting. They supply the most convincing proof of the proposition that freedom is never denied to genius in the treatment of difficult and delicate problems."—*The Spectator,* 1889.

Crimean and Caucasian Stories.

"Tolstoi does not see in war events of collective masses in which the individual disappears, some grand effects with the sound of trumpets and the waving of banners; but however well he understands to bring into prominence the main points of an engagement he never forgets that it is the individual men who do the deeds and suffer the sufferings of war. These men he knows not only as soldiers or as material for war, he knows them in their home occupations as peasants and citizens, and the officers according to their social position in peace. It is perhaps the first case in which the prodigious action of war is painted altogether as a human experience. There is no dyeing in fine colors, no exaggeration, it is the actual experience which he relates. And among the large number of individuals that pass under his observation he by no means gives preference to the officers. From the boys who enter the army as ensigns and in whom intoxicating dreams and reality are still mingled confusedly together, down to the gray old man on whom the fate of a family depends, from the harmless amusements at night on the watch down to murderous onslaughts —nothing is lacking. Nor is the environment forgotten—the city with its inhabitants. It is the life, the whole of life, composed of the aggregate mass of active men, in a state of war. With great astonishment the author remarks how the usual interests, conversations, class distinctions, etc., by no means cease, and scarcely step in the background before the irruption of the unusual. Glancing over the whole, we see a picture of limitless wealth of features, of telling honesty and convincing truth. Every chapter confirms the author's declaration, that truth alone was his hero. And this hero he loves as only a poet can love his heroes."—*Lowenfeld.*

"The Cossacks."

In this common everyday story Tolstoi has evolved a real human destiny. During his long journey to the Caucasus, Olenin is still filled with arbitrary fancies, like young men who have not yet been seized by the reality of life, and who live more in their imaginings than in the actuality of things. Suddenly he steps into the realm of reality, so powerful, so unlike anything he had known before. The everlasting snow-peaks heave in sight before him, and from his every thought ring out the words, 'But the mountains! Ah! the mountains!' And they form a world mightier than our soul, they suffer no life, no feeling within their kingdom that does not accord with them. But the most wonderful thing of all he is yet to learn. This large, living, within-itself-reposing world has also a soul, yes, a human soul. Nature here is also man. The Cossacks living here are, as it were, the conscience and soul of nature. Here are no arbitrary fancies, no disordered, confused jumble of passions and feelings peculiar to the young man of culture. All is well defined, all determined by the exact demands which nature imposes through the changes of seasons. Here is no questioning, no doubt, no indistinct, half-stolen emotion, not even with regard to women. All is simple fact and as naturally self-understood as nature itself."—*Lowenfeld.*

"Finest and most perfect product of Russian literature."—*Turguénief.*

"A Morning in the Life of a Landed Proprietor."

"When we read the little story we ask ourselves whether the peasant has in any literature been characterized more completely and vividly than

here by Tolstoi? Everything is told with such life and originality, and at the same time in such a simple, self-understood and unpretentious manner. Not a superfluous word and no forced compression disturb the reader. Every sentence is the exhaustive expression of that which should be said, and fragrant with nature, warmth and reality."—*E. Zabel.*

"Polikushka."

"This novel is terrible, but not hideous, dramatic in the extreme, but without any trace of striving after effect, characteristically true down to the smallest details, and in spite of its brevity so rich in substance that the reader gains the impression of having read a large novel, for the fate of Polikushka is closely interwoven with the portraiture of the broad life of the peasants."—*E. Zabel.*

"Resurrection."

"'Resurrection' is not a novel in the accepted meaning of the word, in the sense in which 'Anna Karenina' is a novel. It is a formless, realistic narration, used to convey a scathing denunciation of social, political and official conditions in Russia. Nothing escapes: The prison management, the judiciary, the jury system, the civil service, the army, the state church, and above all, the horrors of the convoys of convicts to Siberia. In all this Tolstoi traces the corruption and oppression of the system to the shortcomings of the individuals directing it. But for the individual, he says, the system could not exist: those who have power and abuse it are individually responsible, each and every one of them for the misery of the poor, whose indigence, ignorance and darkness are the substratum upon which the whole corrupt superstructure rests, ever pressing it down deeper into the slough. The title does not refer only to the two imaginary characters in the book—the well-born man and the low-born girl whom he starts on the broad path. . . . Tolstoi preaches resurrection for every servant of the Russian state—according to his picture, a mob of corrupt, self-seeking, loose-living, hard-drinking, well-mannered 'men of the world,' and he holds every Russian of the better classes morally dead. Russia must be born again. The Sermon on the Mount is all the guidance humanity needs."—*The Book Buyer.*

"What is Art?"

"Tolstoi is more essentially a man of genius than any writer now living. He has carried the methods of the novel further into the soul of man than any novelist that ever lived; and he has at the same time rendered the common details of life with a more absolute illusion of reality than anyone else. Since he has given up writing novels, he has written a study of the Christian religion which seems to me, from the strictly Christian point of view, to leave nothing more to be said; and he has followed out his own conclusions in life with the same logic as that with which he has carried them out in writing. He is unique in our time in having made every practical sacrifice to his own ideal. Everything he writes, therefore, we are bound to receve with that respect which is due alike to every man of genius and to every man of unflinching sincerity."—*Arthur Symons in Saturday Review,* 1898.

"Tolstoi classifies all his own fictions under the head of bad art. Tolstoi believes in art; and not only does he admit that humanity can not act on without it, but he believes art to be one of our most efficacious means for securing the highest ends. It is not the suppression of art that Tolstoi desires, but its reform.

"This book is the result of profound reflection, it illustrates both the vigor of the author's mind and his power of keen satire, and that one feels in its every page a warm glow of religious emotion, dominated by the ideal of universal brotherhood. Less than all this would suffice to secure a wide celebrity throughout the lettered world for Tolstoi's ideas on art. What strikes us first is the flood of light which Tolstoi sheds on all that is factitious and violently artificial in the art of to-day,—of the theater, of books. Instead of exalting art above measure, or of relegating it to some exceptional sphere, he merely considers it as one form of human activity, having intimate relations with all the rest. Art is a method of communication between men, a means of bringing them together.

"To recall an emotion which we have ourselves experienced and then communicate it to others through the medium of gestures, lines, colors, sounds, or verbal characters, such is the proper object of art. Art is one form of human activity, and consists in the conscious and voluntary conveyance of one man's sentiments to another by means of external signs. Art is a device for unifying men through the experience of common feelings; and as such it is indispensable to the life of humanity; and its progress in the path of happiness. Art, in short, is language differing from verbal speech, in this respect, that speech transmits the thoughts of man; art, his emotions and sentiments. Tolstoi maintains that art ought never to be followed as a business or profession.

"The book has many grave defects."—*Rene Dominic in Living Age,* 1898.

"The work is a model of lucidity, often brilliantly epigrammatic, although disfigured by exaggerations, by repetitions, by errors of fact, and by glaring omissions such as the name of Ruskin among esthetic writers, and Watts among painters."—*Literature,* 1898.

"A book of great importance and value. A direct appeal to the conscience and intelligence of the cultivated classes, summoning them to consider whether for the larger part of that which they applaud as art is art at all in the true sense, and whether its effect on themselves and on the world at large is not injurious rather than beneficial."—*Popular Science Monthly,* 1898.

"All the best elements of Tolstoi's nature appear in this book, which in style and interest, is to be compared with the best works of Ruskin."—*Bibliotheca Sacra,* 1898.

"What Tolstoi objects to most strenuously is the assumption of writers on art that there is a close and vital connection between art and beauty, and that the object of art is to gratify the esthetic needs."—*Victor Yarros in The Dial,* 1898.

"After reviewing briefly the principal existing theories and finding little comfort in them, he proceeds to define art as an activity by which one man hands on to others feelings he has lived through. It is primarily a medium for emotion, as language is a medium for thought. The task for art to accomplish is to make that feeling of brotherhood and love of one's neighbor, now attained only by the best members of society, the customary feeling and the instinct of all men. And in order that art shall foster this union of all men, it must appeal to all men, and therefore essentially to the natural psychology of the peasant, who thus becomes our criterion. The literature, music and pictures which the peasant can not comprehend are not art; and even that art which merely unites sections of humanity while differentiating them from other sections is base and false—namely, patriotic art and music, and art that is worked into different religions, for these divide the human family against itself."—*The Outlook* (*English*), 1898.

"As to Tolstoi's art, we should not be so interested in his opinions if he had not the power of putting the human spirit into human language beyond the power of any man now writing."—*R. W. Gilder.*

SUGGESTED SELECTIONS.

"War and Peace."
Invasion of Russia.
At Borodino.
Burning of Moscow.
Retreat and Destruction of the French Army.
Battle of Austerlitz.
Death of Andrei Bolkonski.
Battle of Schönegraben.

"Anna Karenina."
Anna's Illness.
Anna and Her Son.
Anna Commits Suicide.
The Steeple Chase.

"Resurrection."
Description of Easter Festival in the Country.
Revising of the Judgment by the Senate.
Transportation of the Prisoners from the Central Prison in Moscow to the Train.

"Memories: Childhood, Boyhood, Youth."
Picture of the Nurse Natalie Savichna.

"A Morning in the Life of a Landed Proprietor."
Nekhludov's Reflections in the Early Morning.

"Teacher, I'm So Tired."

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